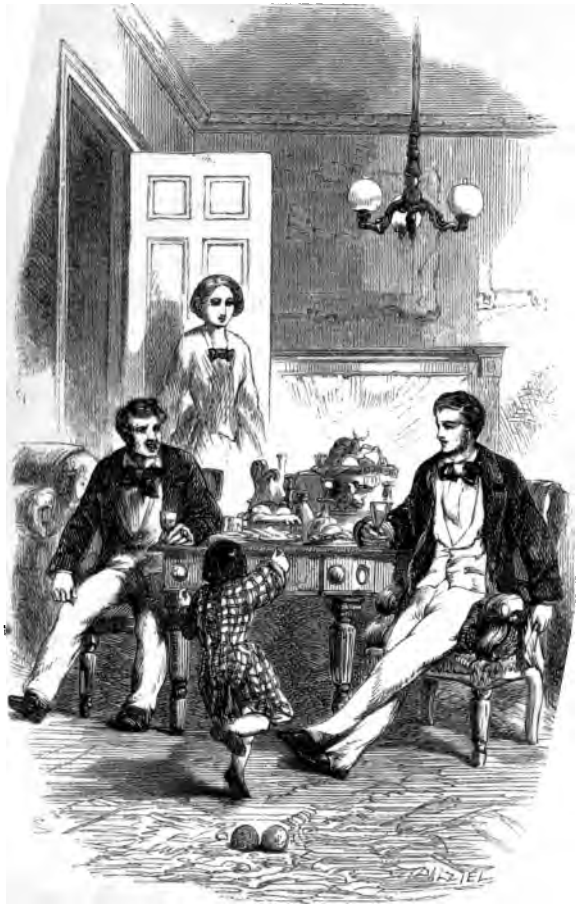

UNCLE TOM'S
CABIN
MRS C ROWE



Little Harry dancing before Haly and Mr. Shelby.—P. 28.

THE JUVENILE

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Arranged for Young Readers.

BY

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PREFACE.

THE wide-spread fame of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has caused a demand for the book amongst readers of all ages. The object of this edition is to bring the story within the compass of children; and it is hoped the motive may excuse the liberties (of omission and compression) used to attain this desirable end.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

IN THE

JUVENILE UNCLE TOM.

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UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAPTER I.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN AND THE GREAT HOUSE.

UNCLE TOM lived in a small hut, or cabin, roughly built of logs of wood; but rough as it was, it would not be easy to find a prettier little cottage, that is, as far as the outside of it went, for it was all overgrown with the most beautiful scarlet and white flowers, so that the wood was completely hidden by them. The inside was certainly not so brilliant, but then it was extremely comfortable, because it was kept so beautifully clean by Aunt Chloe, Uncle Tom's wife. This little dwelling was situated close to the great house occupied by Uncle Tom's master, where Aunt Chloe was the cook; and a famous cook she

was! nobody's cakes and puddings could compare with Aunt Chloe's; and her head was always so full of roasting, and boiling, and baking, that the very ducks and chickens used to look frightened when they met her. When her master's dinner was sent up, she used to come home to look after her children and her old man, as she called Uncle Tom. There she is now, with her black shining good-humoured face, lifting the corner of the baking pan, to see if her cake is rising nicely, for she is expecting Master George Shelby, her master's son, to tea; and as she is very fond of him, she likes to give him something good. In a corner of the room, on a rough bench, sit Mose and Pete, her two little boys, with their woolly heads and fat faces, as black as her own. They are playing with the baby, and at the same time keeping an eye on the bake pan, because they hope, by-and-by, when Mas'r George is served, to get a bit of the cake. In the middle of the room, there is a table covered with a clean cloth, and at this table sits Uncle Tom himself, with a slate before him, and a pencil in his hand, learning to write, for Tom being a slave, had never been taught to read and write in his childhood; and as he was very desirous of acquiring these useful

accomplishments, Master George had kindly undertaken to teach him.

"Not that way, Uncle Tom!" said Master George; "that's a q. You must bring up the tail the other way to make g. So! that's g."

"La, now, is it?" said Uncle Tom, looking with admiration at all the q's and g's Master George scrawled over the slate; whilst Aunt Chloe left her baking pan to lean over their shoulders and admire them too, for she dearly loved Mas'r George, and thought there was nobody so good and so clever as he.

By the time the writing lesson was over, the cake being ready, they sat down to tea, and a merry, happy party they were; Mose and Pete, and the baby, enjoying the feast as well as the rest. As soon as it was over, Aunt Chloe turned the two boys out to wash their faces at the spring, whilst she rubbed up the baby, and cleared away the things, to make room for the neighbours, who were coming in to join in prayers, and hear Master George read a chapter in the Bible; and accordingly by-and-by, the slaves, old and young, came trooping into Uncle Tom's Cabin, for they all loved and respected Uncle Tom, who was a friend to everybody, and was always ready to help

them with their work, or do them any other kind office.

But whilst these poor people are so happy, and so well employed in Uncle Tom's Cabin, let us just step up to the great house inhabited by Mr. Shelby, Uncle Tom's master, and see what is going on there.

Mr. Shelby is a *gentleman*, and a nice, kind-looking person; but he appears at present to be rather uncomfortable: and well he may; for the man who is sitting on the other side of the table talking to him is such a coarse, vulgar, swaggering fellow, that it would make anybody uncomfortable to be in his company; and one cannot help wondering that Mr. Shelby would allow such a person to sit at his table at all. Nor would he, but that he could not help himself. The truth was, Mr. Shelby, though in most respects a very good man, was not a prudent one. He had, for some time past, been spending more money than he could afford, and had got into debt; and it now became necessary that he should sell some part of his property, in order to pay his creditors. Well, this is a very unpleasant thing to happen to anybody, no doubt; but to Mr. Shelby it was doubly unpleasant, because *his* property consisted of slaves—

living human beings, who were attached to him because he had been a good master, and had treated them kindly; and well he knew that it would be a great grief to these poor creatures to be sold; and that the chances were much against their ever finding such a good master again.

The disagreeable looking man who was now sitting with him was named Haley. He was not a slave owner, like Mr. Shelby, but a slave driver. Mr. Shelby's slaves were like our servants and farm labourers, only that they were not free, and that they could be sold, exactly as, in this country, people sell their cattle. Thus, when they chanced to have a good master they were very happy; but when they have a bad one their fate is dreadful; for they are his property to do what he likes with, and no one can protect them from his cruelty. Mr. Haley, as I have said, was a slave driver, which means that he travelled about the country to purchase slaves, whom he sold again at a profit, just as a horse dealer here buys and sells horses. Now, it unfortunately happened that Mr. Shelby owed this fellow some money, which he could not pay without selling some of his slaves; and this debt gave Haley great power over him; for when we owe money

we can't pay, we become the slaves of our creditors. True, our creditors here can't sell us, but they can do many terrible things to us, which should make us all very careful not to spend more money than we can afford. Mr. Shelby knew it was very cruel to sell his slaves; but Haley *would* be paid; and what could he do? and what made the matter ten times worse was, that Haley insisted on having Uncle Tom. He had chanced to meet Tom, and seeing what a fine strong fellow he was, and knowing that he would bring a good price in the market, he had determined to have him. Now, this was a great grief to Mr. Shelby; for not only was Tom a very valuable servant whom he was extremely sorry to part with, but he was much attached to him; and he had, moreover, promised the poor fellow, as a reward for his faithful services, that he would give him his freedom. Then, he felt, also, what a wicked thing it was to separate Tom from his wife and children; and, besides all this, he knew that Mrs. Shelby would be made extremely unhappy by his doing such a thing, for she was a truly good woman, who deeply regretted all the evils of slavery, and who would have made every slave on the estate free if she could.

"Well," said Mr. Shelby, with a sigh, "if you insist upon having Uncle Tom, I am afraid you must take him; but as he is a very valuable negro, I suppose if I let you have him, you will consider yourself paid, and give me a receipt in full for what I owe you?"

"By no means," answered Haley; "I must have something more."

"What more do you want?" asked Mr. Shelby.

"Why, there's a chap that will answer my purpose well enough," replied Haley, pointing to a little boy between four and five years old, who just then came jumping into the room. "I'll take *him*."

"I don't like that either," said Mr. Shelby, "for I'm afraid it will break his mother's heart to part with him!"

"Oh!" answered Haley, "she'll get over it. You can send her off somewhere for a few days, and I'll just steal away with the boy before she knows anything about it. When she comes back, your wife can give her a new gown or some trinkets, and that will make it all right."

"I'm afraid not," returned Mr. Shelby, shaking his head, sadly; for although Haley insisted on it that niggers had not the same feelings as white

people have, *he* knew the contrary. He knew that whatever might be the colour of their skin, their tears could flow, and their hearts could break, just like ours.

Whilst this conversation was going on, Harry, the little negro boy, never dreaming of the misfortunes that threatened him, was jumping about the room, singing "Jem Crow," as merry and happy as a bird in the woods; for he did not know that he was born a slave, and that it was in the power of anybody to drag him away from his fond mother; but she knew it too well, poor soul! and it so happened, that little Harry having left the door partly open when he entered the room, she overheard a few words of the above conversation as she stood in the passage waiting for him to come out. It is true, that she was not sure that what was said referred to *her* child; and she could scarcely believe it possible that her master, who had always been so kind, would do anything so cruel; still she felt dreadfully alarmed, and when Harry came out, she caught him so suddenly in her arms, and strained him so tightly to her breast, that the little fellow was quite surprised, and wondered what was the matter.

"What ails you, Eliza?" said Mrs. Shelby to

her shortly afterwards; for whilst she was assisting her mistress to dress, the poor woman made all manner of mistakes; first she upset the water jug, then she overturned the work-table, and finally, when her mistress asked for her shoes, she handed her the hair brush. "What ails you, Eliza? are you ill to-night?"

Eliza began to cry and sob as if her heart would break. "Oh! missis, missis!" she cried, "there's been a trader here talking with master in the parlour. I heard him!"

"Well, you silly child, and if there has, what then?" said Mrs. Shelby.

"Oh, missis, do you think master would sell my Harry?"

"Sell your Harry!" exclaimed Mrs. Shelby. "Why, you foolish girl, what could put such a thing into your head? you know very well that your master never would sell any of his slaves as long as they behave well. Come, come, hook my dress, and put all this nonsense out of your head."

"Well, but missis, you'd never give your consent to selling my Harry, would you?"

"Never!" said Mrs. Shelby; "so now give me my gloves and my shawl, and make your mind easy. You are so fond of that child, you goose,

that a strange man can't put his nose into the door, but you think he's come to buy your Harry!"

And good Mrs. Shelby went away to an evening party, firmly believing all she had said, for she knew that her husband had a great objection to selling his slaves; and as she was not aware that he owed anybody more money than he could pay them, she had no reason to suppose he would do a thing he so highly disapproved.

Eliza was somewhat comforted by what her mistress had said; and when Mr. and Mrs. Shelby had driven away, and she had put little Harry to bed, she seated herself with her work in the verandah, where she had not sat long, when she felt a hand laid upon her shoulder.

CHAPTER II.

A PAINFUL SURPRISE.

ELIZA was a very pretty dark girl, not black, nor indeed was her complexion darker than that of

many women we see in this country; and she was married to a fine worthy young man of the same colour as herself. This circumstance, I mean the circumstance of their skins being not very different from the skins of their masters and mistresses, did not, however, prevent their being slaves, for they were born in slavery, and had never known what freedom was. Still, the fate of the husband and wife were very different, for Eliza had been *raised*, as they call it, when they speak of slaves, on Mr. Shelby's estate, and had early been taken into Mrs. Shelby's service, and treated with the greatest kindness. But George Harris, her husband, belonged to a neighbouring estate, and his master, an ignorant, cruel man, made him feel all the bitterness of his situation.

Eliza did not very often see her husband, so that when she looked up and saw George standing behind her, her face lighted up with smiles.

"Oh, George!" she said, "how glad I am to see you. Come into my little room, and let us have a chat. See, there's little Harry in bed; but how grave you look, George. Has anything happened?"

"Only what happens every day," answered George.

"It *is* very hard, dear George," said Eliza, "but you know we must be patient, and hope for better times."

"Hope!" said George, "there's only one hope in this world for me, and that is in running away, for master will never sell me; he likes to torment me too much to part with me."

"Oh! but, George, think if you were to attempt to run away and were taken again, he'd be worse to you than ever."

"I know that,"' answered George; "but I can't go on as I am. I must try something. Only yesterday, when I was busy loading stones into a cart, Master John, the master's son, kept lashing a whip so close to the horse's head, that the creature got frightened, and because I tried to stop his doing it as civilly as I could, he ran to his father, and complained I was insolent to him.

"And what did the master do?"

"Do! why, he came and tied me to a tree, and told the boy he might whip me till he was tired; and so he did."

"That's dreadful!" said Eliza.

"And, another thing, I hardly like to tell you about poor little Carlo."

"What about Carlo?" inquired Eliza.

"I'm sure," said George, with the tears in his eyes, "that poor dog was all the comfort I had, except when I was with you and Harry. He slept with me at night, and followed me about all day, and often and often when I was unhappy, he would look up in my face as if he understood what I felt. Well, the other day, I was just feeding him with a few scraps I had picked up by the kitchen door, when master came by, and he said I was feeding him at his expense, and desired me to tie a stone to his neck, and throw him into the pond."

"Oh, George, but you didn't do it?" exclaimed Eliza.

"Do it? no!" returned George. "I'd rather have been killed myself, than do such a thing. But he did it himself, though; and he and Master John pelted the poor drowning creature with stones. I'm sure my heart was ready to break to see it, for the poor little thing looked at me so sorrowful like, and as if he wondered why I didn't interfere to save him."

"Well, but George," said Eliza, after they had both shed tears to the memory of poor Carlo; "if you were to run away, you'll never see me and Harry again!"

"And if I *don't* run away, I shall perhaps never see either of you again; for master told me yesterday that he should sell me down the river, and that I shall not come here any more. Now, you see, Eliza, if I could make my escape and get into the free country, I might earn money there, and be able to buy your freedom, and little Harry's, of Mr. Shelby; and in the mean time, you're quite safe, for he's a good man, and would not think of selling you to anybody else."

"I hope not," said Eliza, with a sigh, for she thought of the trader, and the words she had overheard; but she had not the heart to tell her husband of this new sorrow, when he was so full of his own troubles.

"So now, Eliza, my girl," said George, "you must keep up as well as you can, for I'm going."

"Going, George! where?"

"Where! why, to Canada!" answered George, "where there are no slaves. All men are free!"

"Oh, but George," said Eliza, "if you should be taken?"

"Alive, they shall never take me!" said George; "and if they kill me, we must hope to meet in Heaven, Eliza."

George then told her how he hoped to manage

his escape; and after promising to write to her the moment he set his foot on the shores of Canada, they parted, with many tears, convinced that they should never meet again on earth, or else meet in freedom.

Shortly after George was gone, Mr. and Mrs. Shelby returned from the party, and whilst Eliza was undressing her mistress, the lady was struck with the paleness of the poor girl's face, so that when Mr. Shelby came up to bed, she said to him, "Do you know, Arthur, that foolish little puss, Eliza, is making herself quite unhappy about that man you had with you to-day. He is certainly an ill-looking fellow! who is he?"

"His name is Haley," answered Mr. Shelby, without looking up at her; for he guessed what she would say when she heard what he had been doing, and he dreaded her reproaches.

"Eliza has taken it in her head he's a trader," continued Mrs. Shelby, "and that you are going to sell her child to him. I scolded her well for being so silly. I told her that you never had anything to do with such people, and that I was quite sure you never intended to sell any of your slaves.'

"Well, Emily," said Mr. Shelby, "I never did

intend to sell any of them, but unfortunately I can't help myself; I *must* do it."

"Sell your slaves, and to such a fellow as that!" exclaimed Mrs. Shelby.

"I'm sorry to say it's too true!" returned the gentleman; "I have agreed to let him have Tom."

"What! sell Tom! that good, faithful creature? and when you had promised him his freedom, too! well, I can believe anything after that. I could almost believe that you would sell poor little Harry—Eliza's only child."

"Well," returned Mr. Shelby, "since you must know it sooner or later, I may as well tell you at once—I have promised Haley he shall have the child."

"You have promised he shall have Harry!" said Mrs. Shelby, with the tears in her eyes; "why, it will break that poor girl's heart!"

"What is the use of talking?" returned Mr. Shelby; "I tell you I can't help myself. I owed Haley money and couldn't pay him."

"Let us save the money some other way," answered his wife. "I'm sure I'll willingly bear my part. Why can't we do without a carriage, for one thing?"

"It's of no use talking," answered Mr. Shelby. "The bargain's made, signed, and sealed, and Haley's not the man to let me off, I can tell you."

Mrs. Shelby groaned aloud.

"Who can expect God's blessing on such cruelty? why, I do believe that poor fellow, Tom, would have laid down his life for you, any day."

"I believe he would," answered Mr. Shelby, with a heavy sigh.

"And now you're going to sell him to that man; and who can say to what misery and ill-treatment the poor fellow may be exposed. I'll tell you what, Mr. Shelby, I would rather sell the clothes off my back, and live upon bread and water, than do this thing!"

But although Mr. Shelby was heartily sorry to have heen obliged to do anything so cruel, he knew all talking about it was vain. Tom and Harry belonged to Haley now, and not to him; and all that remained was to deliver them up to their new master, which was to be done on the following morning.

But there had been a listener to this conversation that they little suspected. When Eliza left her mistress, she had seated herself in the dressing-room, in order to finish a little bit of work, which

George's visit had interrupted; and as the door that communicated between the two rooms was not quite closed, she had overheard every word that was said.

Pale and motionless she sat as a statue, looking like a person that had received sentence of death; scarcely daring to draw her breath lest she should be discovered. It was not till the voices had some time died away, and she thought Mr. and Mrs. Shelby were asleep, that she ventured to rise and creep softly out of the room into her own chamber, where lay little Harry in his white curtained bed, never dreaming of the misfortunes that threatened him.

"Harry!" said she, leaning over the pillow; "Harry, I want you to wake and come with mother!" Harry opened his large dark eyes, and looked at her with surprise. "Hush, Harry!" she whispered, putting her finger on his lip; "Harry must not speak!" and as if he understood his danger, the child allowed her to lift him from his bed and dress him, without asking a single question. Then she led him gently down stairs and out of the house, unheard by anybody, except Bruno, a large Newfoundland dog, who, suspecting something wrong, began to growl, but when she

spoke to him, he knew her voice, and wagging his tail, prepared to follow her. Still he seemed rather puzzled at this unusual proceeding, and more than once he stopped and looked in her face, as if he would have asked her whether she was doing quite right in leaving her master's house at this late hour.

By this time, Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe were in bed, though not asleep, for they were talking over the happy evening they had had, when they heard a tap at the window, and at the same time a faint bark, which they knew to be Bruno's.

"My sakes alive!" said Aunt Chloe, jumping out of bed; "if here an't Eliza and Harry, and Bruno with them, I declare! why, goodness, Eliza, I'm skeered to look at you—that I am! what makes you look so pale and wild like?"

"I'm running away, Aunt Chloe; I'm carrying away my child," answered Eliza. "Mas'r's sold him!"

"Sold Harry!" cried Tom and Chloe; "no! that never can be. I could not believe that, nohow!"

"He has, though!" replied Eliza; "and the trader means to take him away in the morning; but he shan't take my Harry! no—never, never!"

"The Lord have pity on us!" cried Uncle Tom; "mas'r sell little Harry!"

"But what has the child done," asked Aunt Chloe, "that mas'r should sell him?"

"He hasn't done anything," answered Eliza; "but mas'r owes money to the trader, and he has sold my Harry, and you, too, Uncle Tom, to pay the debt."

Here was a blow, indeed! Uncle Tom would as soon have thought of seeing the sky fall, as of being sold by Mr. Shelby; and it was not till Eliza had repeated all she had overheard, that these two poor souls could believe anything so dreadful.

"Well, old man," said Aunt Chloe, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, "it's my advice that you run away too. If you don't, you'll be sold off down the river, where they kill the niggers with hard work and starvation. I'd a deal rather die than go there. Go off with Lizzy! you've got mas'r's pass for coming and going where you please; come, bustle up, and get your things ready."

"No," said Tom, raising his head, and looking at them both calmly; "no, I'm not going. Let Eliza go—I don't blame her; she's right to save

her child if she can, but it's different with me. Mas'r has always trusted me, and I've got his pass to go where I like. Shall I use it to deceive him? No. Mas'r wouldn't sell me if he wasn't driven to it—I'm sure of that; and he and missus are both good, and they'll take care of my poor children, and——" but at the idea of parting with his wife and children, Tom's courage failed, and, strong big man as he was, he began to sob and cry like a boy.

"Well, I'm going," said Eliza; "and I wish you'd try and see George, Aunt Chloe, and tell him why I went, and that I mean to try and find Canada; and tell him that we must both try to be as good as we can, so that, if we never meet again on earth, we may meet in Heaven! call Bruno in, poor fellow, he mustn't follow me. So now, good bye, friends! good bye!" and with that she stepped out, and with her child in her arms, glided noiselessly away.

CHAPTER III.

THE DISCOVERY.

It was rather late when Mr. and Mrs. Shelby rose on the following morning, for their sleep had been a good deal disturbed by uneasy thoughts. "Dear me, it's past nine o'clock!" said Mrs. Shelby, as she rang the bell the third time for Eliza. "Where can that girl be, that she does not come? Andy, go and fetch Eliza," she said, to a little black boy, who came in with Mr. Shelby's shaving water.

"Lor, missis!" said Andy, his eyes wide open with astonishment, "Eliza's not in her room, and her drawers are open, and her things all lying about, and I do believe she's just cleared off altogether!"

"The heavens be thanked! I hope she is," said Mrs. Shelby; "and that she may get safe away!"

"Wife, how can you talk in that way?" said her husband, looking much annoyed. "What am I to say to Haley if this is the case? he'll think

I've cheated him;" and so saying, he hastily quitted the room.

Then followed a great bustle in the house—a slamming of doors, and voices calling for Eliza; whilst black faces and white faces were popping into every room, and poking into every hole and corner, all looking for what they could not find. There was one person, to be sure, who could have saved them all this trouble, and told them exactly what they wanted to know, if she had liked, and that was Aunt Chloe; but she did *not* like—so with a grave sad face, very unlike the happy face it used to be, she went on baking her rolls, and preparing the breakfast, just as if she did not hear the uproar that was going on around her.

Outside the door, on the rails, sat Andy, and Mandy, and Jake, little black creatures with woolly heads, enjoying the fun, and watching for Haley, who they expected to see in a great passion, at the loss of little Harry, whom he had bought and paid for.

"He'll be real mad, I'll be bound!" said Andy.

"Wont he swar?" said little black Jake.

"Yes, for he *does* swear awful bad," said Mandy. "I heard every word he said yesterday about Harry, for I was in the closet where mistress

keeps the china, and I 'spected Lizzy'd be off this morning;" and having delivered this speech, Mandy looked extremely wise and consequential, though the truth was, she had understood no more what they had said, than the black cat that lay under the table. Presently, up came Haley, booted and spurred, for his journey; and certainly, when Andy, and Mandy, and Jake called out to him that Lizzy had cleared off with little Harry, if they expected to hear him swear, they were not disappointed.

"You young imps!" he said, striking at them with his whip; "I'd teach you to laugh at me, if I had you!"

"But you haven't got us!" cried they, as they all rolled away together in a lump, to get out of his reach, like so many black eels.

"I say now, Shelby, this here's a most extraordinary business," said Haley, as he entered the parlour. "They say that girl's off with her young'un."

"I am sorry, sir," said Mr. Shelby; "but I can assure you I had no knowledge of her flight till this morning. You had better sit down and eat some breakfast, and then we will see what is to be done."

Haley, however, was very sulky, for he fancied Mr. Shelby had deceived him, and he half expected he should be done out of Tom too.

In the mean time, there was a great sensation amongst the slaves about Uncle Tom's fate—Tom, that was such a favourite of mas'r's! if mas'r sells Uncle Tom, whom might he not sell next! Presently came out an order from the parlour that Andy and Sam were to mount Bill and Jerry, the ponies, and go in pursuit of Eliza.

"Ah!" said Sam, who was rather conceited, "when there's anything goes wrong, Sam's the chap that mas'r sends for. Well, he shall see, I'll cotch Lizzy for him in no time."

"Oh! but, Sam," said Andy, who was a sharp boy, "you'd better think twice afore you do that, for missus don't want her cotched."

"Oh, oh!" said Sam, "doesn't she, though! but how do you know that?"

"I heard her say so this morning when I took in mas'r's water; and I 'spects you'd better not be cotching Lizzy, for missus don't want Mas'r Haley to have the child!"

"Whew!" said Sam, "that's the way the wind blows, is it?" and looking wiser and more consequential than ever, he went into the field, and

presently brought up the ponies saddled and bridled, ready to be mounted.

"I say, Sambo, come here," said Mrs. Shelby, putting her head out of the parlour window. "You're going with Mr. Haley to catch Eliza, are you?"

"Yes, missis," said Sambo; "so mas'r says."

"Well, Sambo," said Mrs. Shelby, in a low voice; "I shall feel much obliged if you don't ride the horses too fast; you understand me, Sambo?"

"Let this nigger alone for that! I'll take care of the hosses," said Sambo, looking very knowing. "Now, you see, Andy," said he, as soon as Mrs. Shelby's back was turned, "I think this here mare of Mas'r Haley's is rather contrary, and like enough to cut up a bit when he goes to mount her; now, you know, if she should, and I should let go Jerry, and you should let go Bill, just while we help Mas'r Haley, them two hosses will take a scamper round the field, and then we shall have to catch them again—shan't we, Andy?"

"To be sure we shall," said Andy, shaking his sides with laughter; "we'll help Mas'r Haley to catch Lizzy, won't we?"

"Well, boys!" said Haley, who now came out; "look alive, now! we must lose no time."

"Not a bit, mas'r," said Sam, giving him the rein of his mare.

Now Haley's mare was a little skittish to mount; but he was used to her, and could have mastered her perfectly without any assistance; but no sooner did Sam and Andy see her begin to fidget, than they rushed to help him, letting go Bill and Jerry, who finding themselves free, kicked up their heels, and dashed away round the paddock. In the mean time, Sam and Andy in their great haste to assist Haley, contrived to tumble over each other, and throw him down just under the mare's nose, whereupon frightened by the sudden uproar, and the galloping of the other two horses, she broke away too, and away the whole three went neighing, and kicking, with Sambo, Cuffie, Andy, Mandy, and Jake after them, shouting and screaming at such a rate, that together with the barking of the dogs, and the clapping of hands, and the whooping of all the boys and girls about the place, there was a confusion that would have frightened any horse out of his five senses. As for Haley, he ran up and down like a madman; whilst Mr. and Mrs. Shelby stood in the balcony, he giving directions what to do, and she secretly rejoicing at the delay, not

without a strong suspicion that the whole thing was a clever contrivance of Sambo's to give Eliza time.

It was a droll thing to see Sambo and Andy running about the paddock, as if they were determined to catch the horses, but always taking care to be in the wrong place; till about twelve o'clock, finding themselves getting pretty tired, they laid hold of their reins and brought them up.

"I cotched the mare!" said Sambo, triumphantly.

"You!" said Haley; "if it hadn't been for you, she'd never have got away. You've lost me three hours, you fools, with your nonsense. Come, now, mount! up with you, and let's be off."

"Why, mas'r," said Sam, lifting a palm leaf off his head, which he called a hat, "the hosses is all in a sweat, and we're just ready to drop with running after them. Sure mas'r wouldn't think of starting till after dinner. Mas'r's hoss wants rubbing down, and here's Jerry limping. Bless you, mas'r! Lizzy was never much of a walker; we shall cotch her easy."

Mrs. Shelby was now resolved to do her part, so she came down from the balcony, and politely invited Mr. Haley to stay dinner, which would be ready at one o'clock; indeed, she said, she

would desire the cook to make it earlier—so after a little pressing, Haley consented to stay and eat something, whilst the horses were rubbed down and fed.

"Did you see him?" said Sam to Andy, as soon as they had got out of sight of the house, "how he was dancing, and kicking, and stamping with rage. Kick away, old fellow!" says I, "you won't have your hoss yet, I can tell you; and did you see missus up stairs, how she was a laughing?"

"Didn't I!" said Andy. "An't you a cunning old hoss, Sambo?"

"'Spects I am," said Sam, looking very much pleased with himself; "and now we'll go in, for I'll be bound missus will give us an uncommon good bite this time."

CHAPTER IV.

THE MOTHER'S STRUGGLE.

But we must now see what Eliza has been doing whilst they have been chasing the horses, and are eating their dinner.

Never was poor creature in a more forlorn and helpless situation than she was, when she turned her back on the home of her childhood, and the master and mistress whom she had hitherto dearly loved, and whom she loved still; for she knew that even Mr. Shelby would not have sold her Harry, if he had not imprudently got himself into debt. She was leaving many friends behind her, too; especially, Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe, to whom she was much attached; and then there was her husband, poor George, about whose fate she was quite uncertain, and whom she might, perhaps, never see again. Then, added to all this, she did not know her way; all she knew was that she wanted to get to Canada, where she and Harry would be free, as soon as they set their feet upon the soil; but how far it might be to Canada, or which was the right road to it, she did not know. She could only pray to God for protection, and that he would send some good Christians to help her. As for Harry, he was at first extremely frightened, because, in order to keep him quiet, she had explained to him the danger he was in. "A cruel man wanted to take away Harry," she told him; "and if Harry made a noise, the cruel man would get him." This made Harry as

quiet as a mouse; and as she tramped along, he lay in her arms without saying a word, till he found he was getting very sleepy.

"Mother," he said, "if I go to sleep, will the cruel man get me?"

"No, my darling," answered Eliza, "not if God will help me!"

"You're sure, mother?" asked Harry.

"Yes, *sure!*" said Eliza, for she felt an inward certainty that God *would* help her.

And so on they went during the night, through woods and fields, till the day began to break; and by this time they found themselves on the high road, where, of course, they were liable to meet strangers, whose suspicions might be raised by seeing a young woman whom they would guess to be a slave, hurrying along the road with a child in her arms, and terror painted on her features. So she set Harry down on his feet, and gave him a ball that she had taken care to put in her pocket; and then she washed her face and hands in a pool, and arranged her bonnet and shawl more tidily, so that she might not look like a runaway. She slackened her pace too, a little, and made Harry run before her rolling the ball, so that they might appear as if they were taking

a walk for amusement. Presently, however, Harry began to be hungry, and if he could have got nothing to eat, the poor little fellow would have soon been knocked up; but his kind mother had taken care to bring something for him in her pocket, and when she saw a sheltered spot where they could hide behind a rock, she sat down and gave him his breakfast.

"Mother, eat some," said Harry, trying to stuff a piece of cake into her mouth.

"No, Harry, darling!" she answered. "Mother can't eat till Harry's safe!" the poor little fellow threw his arms round her neck, and gave her a kiss, that made her start to her feet, and say, "Oh, Henry, dear, we must go on again; we must not lose time, but get to the river!" for she felt how miserable she should be without those kisses, and how miserable Harry would be if he had not her to love and cherish him.

The river she was making for was the Ohio; she knew it was not far off, and she thought if once she got across to the other side, she might find some good Christian to shelter her from her pursuers; for she was certain they would be after her, and as she did not know how Sambo and Mrs. Shelby had contrived to delay Haley, she

expected every moment to hear the sound of their horses' feet behind her.

Well, it was drawing towards sunset, and the poor soul was getting dreadfully weary and foot-sore when she reached the banks of the river. Exhausted as she was, if she could have seen a boat she would have stepped into it at once, and desired the boatmen to take her across, but she only saw great blocks of ice floating on the water, and neither boat nor man. So she went into a little inn that stood close to the banks of the river, and asked a woman who was frying some meat at the fire, if there was not a ferry boat to take travellers to the other side.

"No," answered the woman, "for, on account of the ice, the boat is stopped."

"Oh!" cried Eliza, dropping into a chair, and looking ready to faint with grief and disappointment. "What shall I do! what shall I do!"

"Why, what's the matter?" said the woman. "Is it something of consequence you want to get across for?"

"Yes, yes," said Eliza. "It will break my heart if I can't get over."

"Well, now," said the woman, "I'm really

sorry for you. Sit down a bit and rest yourselves, and I'll send to a man that is going to try to get across to-night with some barrels, and if you're not afraid, he shall take you."

Eliza said she was afraid of nothing if she could only get across; so the woman kindly gave Harry something to eat, and then opening the door of a back room, showed them a bed where they might lie down. Harry, who was dreadfully tired, was asleep as soon as his head was on the pillow; but his poor mother soon found there would be no sleep for her till her child was safe; so she presently rose from the bed and took a chair at the window, where she sat, anxiously watching for the man who had promised to take her in his boat across the Ohio; and here we will leave her, whilst we return and inquire what Haley is doing.

Mrs. Shelby had told Haley that the dinner would be ready directly; but as Aunt Chloe had the cooking of it, the good lady had promised more than she could perform. Aunt Chloe, as may be supposed, was not in a very good humour, nor disposed to hurry herself about Haley's dinner, especially as she did not wish him to overtake Eliza, nor did Mrs. Shelby wish it, she was

sure. Then, as all the other servants were of the same mind, they contrived to make so many mistakes and delays that the trader, with all his impatience, could not get his dinner and be ready to start till past two o'clock. And when, at last, they were off, Sam and Andy led him such a round-about road, that it was evening when they reached the banks of the river Ohio, where, as we have already related, Eliza had arrived some time before, and having put Harry to bed, had seated herself at the window to watch for the boatman; and well it was she had done so, for Sambo, who was riding foremost, caught sight of her as he turned the corner, and seeing her danger, he made a noise that attracted her attention, and warned her to draw back, so that Haley did not see her as he passed the window.

Now, it so happened, that the room Eliza was in opened by a side door to the river, and she saw that there lay her only chance of escape; so, catching up her child, she sprang down the steps towards it. The trader caught a full glimpse of her, just as she was disappearing down the bank; and throwing himself from his horse, and calling loudly on Sam and Andy, he was after her like a hound after a deer. In that dizzy moment her

feet to her scarce seemed to touch the ground, and a moment brought her to the water's edge. Right on behind they came; and, nerved with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore, on the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap—impossible to anything but madness and despair; and Haley, Sam, and Andy, instinctively cried out, and lifted up their hands.

The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came on it; but she stayed there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy, she leaped to another and still another cake;—stumbling—leaping—slipping—springing upwards again; Her shoes are gone—her stockings cut from her feet—while blood marked every step; but she saw nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

"Yer a brave gal, now, whoever ye ar!" said the man.

Eliza recognised the voice and face of a man who owned a farm not far from her old home.

"O, Mr. Symmes!—save me—do save me—do hide me!" said Eliza.

"Why, what's this?" said the man. "Why, if 'tan't Shelby's gal!"

"My child!—this boy—he'd sold him! There is his mas'r," said she, pointing to the Kentucky shore. "O, Mr. Symmes, you've got a little boy!"

"So I have," said the man, as he roughly, but kindly, drew her up the bank.

"I'd be glad to help you further, if I could," said he; "but I think the best thing you can do is to go up to that big white house you see there, and I think they'll help you if they can." So Eliza pressed Harry to her bosom and walked swiftly away. This house was inhabited by Mr. and Mrs. Bird, very good people, who were quite shocked when they opened the door, and saw poor Eliza standing there with her torn garments and bleeding feet; and when she had told them her story—how she had run away to save her child from the trader, and how she had travelled all night and all day on foot, and then crossed the river upon the ice, they held up their hands with wonder, whilst tears of pity ran down their cheeks.

Lucky it was for Eliza that Mr. Symmes had directed her to this house, for not only did Mr. and Mrs. Bird give her shelter and refreshment, but fearing that her pursuers might cross the river in the morning, Mr. Bird ordered out his horse and carriage, and drove her some distance to the house of a brave fellow called John Van Tromp, who told her that he had seven sons all as tall and strong as himself, and that if Haley, or any slave driver came there, they had better take care of themselves.

CHAPTER V.

UNCLE TOM IS CARRIED OFF BY THE TRADER.

When Eliza bounded across the ice in the manner described, Haley had stood staring after her with astonishment, whilst Sam and Andy were ready to split their sides with laughing at his disappointment; but as the trader could not venture to follow her, there was nothing to do but to set off back again, for it occurred to him, that if he did not make haste and secure Uncle Tom, he might

lose him too. So away they went clattering back to Mr. Shelby's, where there was a great deal of surprise and rejoicing at Eliza's escape. Haley, however, was very sulky, and made terrible threats of what he would do if Tom attempted to run away too; which Tom assured him he did not intend to do.

The next was a melancholy morning in Uncle Tom's cabin, for it was the day he was to be carried off. Tom sat reading his Bible hoping to find comfort in it, whilst Aunt Chloe, with a heavy heart and tearful eyes, packed up his trunk and prepared the breakfast. For the latter, however, she might have spared herself the trouble, for neither she nor Tom could swallow a morsel, so that all the good things were left for Mose, and Pete, and the baby. Whilst they were sitting mournfully by the fire-side, Chloe weeping and complaining, and Tom trying to comfort and sustain her, the door opened, and in came Mrs. Shelby. Aunt Chloe set a chair for her in a manner decidedly gruff and crusty. She did not seem to notice either the action or the manner. She looked pale and anxious.

"Tom," she said, "I come to—" and stopping suddenly, and regarding the silent group, she sat

down in the chair, and, covering her face with her handkerchief, began to sob.

"Lor, now, missis, don't—don't!" said Aunt Chloe, bursting out in her turn; and for a few moments they all wept in company. And in those tears they all shed together, the high and the lowly, melted away all the heart-burnings and anger of the oppressed. Oh, ye who visit the distressed, do ye know that everything your money can buy, given with a cold, averted face, is not worth one honest tear shed in real sympathy?

"My good fellow," said Mrs. Shelby, "I can't give you anything to do you any good. If I give you money it will only be taken from you. But I tell you solemnly, and before God, that I will keep trace of you, and buy you back as soon as I can get the money!"

Haley now came to summon Tom to get into the wagon that was to carry him away. All the slaves assembled to see him off, and as they drove away there was scarcely a dry eye amongst them. To make the matter worse, Haley put shackles on his ancles to prevent his running away, although every one assured him that Tom's promise was better than all the shackles in the world.

It had been a great grief to poor Tom, that

when all this happened, Mas'r George had been away from home; but they had not been long on the road before he heard the clatter of a horse's heels behind them; and before he could fairly awake from his surprise, young Master George sprang into the waggon, threw his arms tumultuously round his neck, and was sobbing and scolding with energy.

"I declare it's real mean! I don't care what they say, any of 'em! It's a nasty, mean shame! If I was a man, they shouldn't do it—they should not, *so!*" said George, with a kind of subdued howl.

"O, Mas'r George! this does me good!" said Tom. "I couldn't bar to go off without seein' ye! It does me real good, ye can't tell;" Here Tom made some movement of his feet, and George's eyes fell on the fetters.

"What a shame!" he exclaimed, lifting his hands. "I'll knock that old fellow down—I will!"

"No you won't, Mas'r George; and you must not talk so loud. It won't help me any to anger him."

"Well, I won't, then, for your sake; but only to think of it—isn't it a shame? They never sent for me, nor sent me any word, and, if it

hadn't been for Tom Lincoln, I shouldn't have heard it. I tell you I blew 'em up well, all of 'em at home!"

"That ar wasn't right, I'm fear'd, Mas'r George."

"Can't help it! I say it's a shame! Look here, Uncle Tom," said he, turning his back to the shop, and speaking in a mysterious tone, "*I've brought you my dollar!*"

"Oh! I couldn't think o' takin' on't, Mas'r George, no ways in the world!" said Tom, quite moved.

"But you *shall* take it!" said George. "Look here; I told Aunt Chloe I'd do it, and she advised me just to make a hole in it, and put a string through, so you could hang it round your neck, and keep it out of sight; else this mean scamp would take it away. I tell ye, Tom, I want to blow him up! it would do me good!"

"No, don't, Mas'r George, for it won't do *me* any good."

"Well, I won't, for your sake," said George, busily tying his dollar round Tom's neck; "but there, now, button your coat tight over it, and keep it, and remember, every time you see it, that I'll come down after you and bring you back.

Aunt Chloe and I have been talking about it. I told her not to fear; I'll see to it, and I'll tease father's life out if he don't do it."

"O, Mas'r George, ye mustn't talk so 'bout yer father!"

"Lor, Uncle Tom, I don't mean anything bad."

"And now, Mas'r George," said Tom, "ye must be a good boy; 'member how many hearts is set on ye. Al'ays keep close to yer mother. Don't be gettin' into any of them foolish ways boys has of gettin' too big to mind their mothers. Tell ye what, Mas'r George, the Lord gives good many things twice over; but he don't give ye a mother but once. Ye'll never see such another woman, Mas'r George, if ye live to be a hundred years old. So, now, you hold on to her, and grow up, and be a comfort to her, thar's my own good boy—you will now, won't ye?"

"Yes, I will, Uncle Tom," said George, seriously.

"And be careful of yer speaking, Mas'r George. Young boys, when they comes to your age, is wilful sometimes—it's nature they should be. But real gentlemen, such as I hopes you'll be, never lets fall no words that isn't 'spectful to thar parents. Ye an't 'fended, Mas'r George?"

"No, indeed, Uncle Tom; you always did give me good advice."

"I's older, ye know," said Tom, stroking the boy's fine curly head with his large, strong hand, "and I sees all that's bound up in you. O, Mas'r George, you has everything—larnin', privileges, readin', writin'—and you'll grow up to be a great, learned, good man, and all the people on the place and your mother and father 'll be so proud on ye! Be a good mas'r, like yer father; and be a Christian, like yer mother. 'Member yer Creator in the days o' yer youth, Mas'r George."

"I'll be *real* good, Uncle Tom, I tell you," said George. "I'm going to be a *first rater;* and don't you be discouraged. I'll have you back to the place yet. As I told Aunt Chloe this morning, I'll build your house all over, and you shall have a room for a parlour with a carpet on it, when I'm a man. Oh, you'll have good times yet!"

"Look here, now, Mister," said George, "I shall let father and mother know how you treat Uncle Tom!"

"You're welcome," said the trader.

"I should think you'd be ashamed to spend all

your life buying men and women, and chaining them, like cattle! I should think you'd feel mean!" said George.

"So long as your grand folks wants to buy men and women, I'm as good as they is," said Haley; "tan't any meaner sellin' on 'em, than't is buyin'!"

"I'll never do either, when I'm a man," said George. "I'm ashamed this day, that I'm a Kentuckian. I always was proud of it before. Well, good-bye, Uncle Tom," said he.

"Good-bye, Mas'r George," said Tom, looking fondly and admiringly at him. "God Almighty bless you! Ah! Kentucky han't got many like you!" he said, in the fulness of his heart, as the frank, boyish face was lost to his view. Away he went, and Tom looked till the clatter of his horse's heels died away, the last sound or sight of his home. But over his heart there seemed to be a warm spot, where those young hands had placed that precious dollar. Tom put up his hand, and held it close to his heart.

CHAPTER VI.

EVA.

A few days afterwards, Haley having bought more slaves as he went along, embarked with them on board a steam-boat for the south; and poor Uncle Tom, surrounded by many other unhappy creatures, found a berth for himself amongst the bales of cotton at one end of the vessel, whilst the white ladies and gentlemen occupied the other end.

Amongst the passengers on the boat was a young gentleman of fortune and family, resident in New Orleans, who bore the name of St. Clare. He had with him a daughter between five and six years of age, together with a lady who seemed to claim relationship to both, and to have the little one especially under her charge.

Tom had often caught glimpses of this little girl—for she was one of those busy, tripping creatures, that can be no more contained in one

place than a sunbeam or a summer breeze, nor was she one that, once seen, could be easily forgotten.

Tom, who had the soft, impressible nature of his kindly race, ever yearning toward the simple and childlike, watched the little creature with daily increasing interest. To him she seemed something almost divine; and whenever her golden head and deep blue eyes peered out upon him from behind some dusky cotton-bale, or looked down upon him over some ridge of packages, he half believed that he saw one of the angels step out of his New Testament.

Often and often she walked mournfully round the place where Haley's gang of men and women sat in their chains. She would glide in among them, and look at them with an air of perplexed and sorrowful earnestness; and sometimes she would lift their chains with her slender hands, and then sigh woefully, as she glided away. Several times she appeared suddenly among them, with her hands full of candy, nuts, and oranges, which she would distribute joyfully to them, and then be gone again.

Tom watched the little lady a great deal, before he ventured on any overtures towards

acquaintanceship. He knew an abundance of simple acts to invite the approaches of the little people, and he resolved to play his part right skilfully. He could cut cunning little baskets out of cherry-stones, could make faces on hickory-nuts, or odd jumping figures out of elder-pith, and he could manufacture whistles of all sizes and sorts. His pockets were full of miscellaneous articles of attraction, which he had hoarded in days of old for his master's children, and which he now produced, with commendable prudence and economy, one by one, as overtures for acquaintance and friendship.

The little one was shy, for all her busy interest in everything going on, and it was not easy to tame her. For a while, she would perch like a canary-bird on some box or package near Tom, while busy in the little arts aforesaid, and take from him, with a kind of grave bashfulness, the little articles he offered. But at last they got on quite confidential terms.

"What's little missy's name?" said Tom to her, one day.

"Evangeline St. Clare," said the little one, "though papa and everybody else call me Eva. Now, what's your name?"

"My name's Tom; the little chil'en used to call me Uncle Tom, way back thar in Kentuck."

"Then I mean to call you Uncle Tom, because, you see, I like you," said Eva. "So, Uncle Tom, where are you going?"

"I don't know, Miss Eva."

"Don't know?" said Eva.

"No. I am going to be sold to somebody. I don't know who."

"My papa can buy you," said Eva, quickly; "and if he buys you, you will have good times. I mean to ask him to, this very day."

"Thank you, my little lady," said Tom.

The boat here stopped at a small landing to take in wood, and Eva, hearing her father's voice, bounded nimbly away. Tom rose up, and went forward to offer his service in wooding, and soon was busy among the hands.

Eva and her father were standing together by the railings to see the boat start from the landing-place, the wheel had made two or three revolutions in the water, when, by some sudden movement, the little one suddenly lost her balance, and fell sheer over the side of the boat into the water. Her father, scarce knowing what he did, was plunging in after her, but was held back by some

behind him, who saw that more efficient aid had followed his child.

Tom was standing just under her on the lower deck as she fell. He saw her strike the water and sink, and was after her in a moment. A broad-chested, strong-armed fellow, it was nothing for him to keep afloat in the water till, in a moment or two, the child rose to the surface, and he caught her in his arms, and, swimming with her to the boat-side, handed her up, all dripping, to the grasp of hundreds of hands, which, as if they had all belonged to one man, were stretched eagerly out to receive her, and a few moments more and her father bore her, dripping and senseless, to the ladies' cabin.

A few days after Tom had rescued Eva from the water, the boat reached New Orleans, where she and her papa, Mr. St. Clare, resided; but by this time Uncle Tom's prospects had changed very much for the better. According to her promise, Eva had requested her papa to purchase him; and instead of belonging to a slave driver, he now belonged to the kind and amiable Augustine St. Clare.

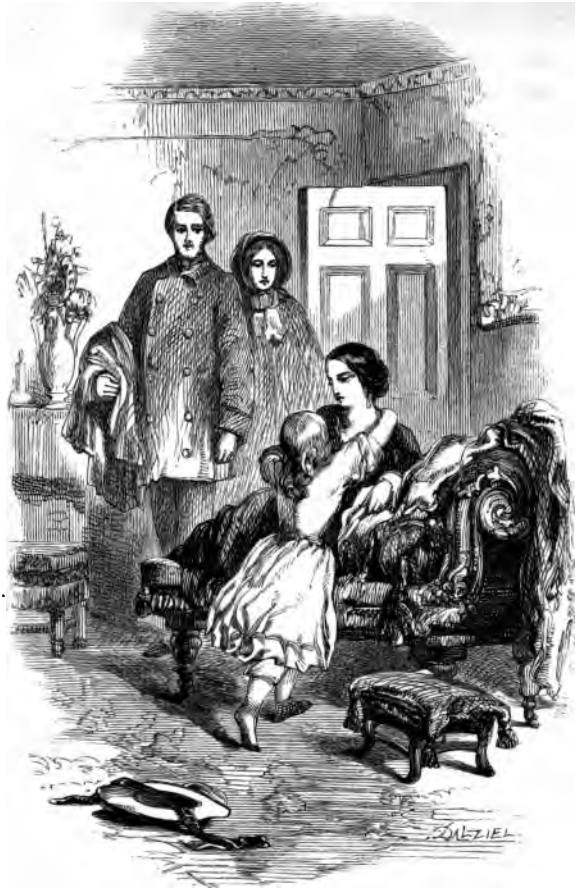
Mr. St. Clare's servants were slaves, most of whom had been left him by his parents; but in

his service they suffered few of the evils of slavery; indeed, they would have suffered none, had Mrs. St. Clare been as good as he was; but unfortunately that was not the case. She had been the spoilt child of a rich man, who had encouraged her in all her caprices, and allowed her to grow up very selfish, and from her earliest childhood she had indulged that selfishness at the expense of her slaves. But Uncle Tom had St. Clare and Eva to befriend him; and as this new home was far the most beautiful place he had ever seen, he thanked God for this favourable turn in his fortunes; and, indeed, but for the recollection of the dear ones he had left behind him in Kentucky, he would have been very happy.

When people are as selfish and unreasonable as Mrs. St. Clare was, it is not to be expected that they will do their duty either by their children or their servants. Accordingly, she did not, and it was on that account Mr. St. Clare had been with Eva to a place called Vermont, in the north, to invite Miss Ophelia, his cousin, to come and live with them, and undertake the management of the household; which, as might be imagined, she found all in confusion and disorder; everybody going their own way; and the cook sitting in the

middle of the kitchen in a cloud of smoke, which was issuing from a short pipe she had in her mouth. As for the kitchen things, nothing was in its place. The rolling-pin was under her bed, and the nutmeg-grater in her pockct with her tobacco. There were about sixty-five different bowls of sugar scattered in corners about the house. Everything was where it should not be, and the kitchen-maid was washing up the dishes with a fragment of an old petticoat.

Think what it was to set such a house as this in order! But Miss Ophelia determined to do it; and as she set about it in good earnest, she was pretty sure to succeed. There is nothing like being in earnest. But when she had to deal with Mrs. St. Clare, she had a more difficult task than she had foreseen. One of this lady's peculiarities was, that she never could understand that any body could be ill or tired but herself; and she would keep her poor slaves up night after night attending to her whims and fancies, and then wonder that they were sleepy in the day-time; and, no doubt, if her husband would have permitted it, she would have whipped them for not being able to keep awake day and night. All this grieved Eva very much; and she was espe-



Eva and her Mamma.—P. 53.

cially sorry for poor Mammy the nurse, who was quite worn out with fatigue and watching; so one day she walked softly round to her mother's chair, and put her arms round her neck.

"Well, Eva, what now?" said Marie.

"Mamma, couldn't I take care of you for one night—just one? I know I shouldn't make you nervous, and I should'nt sleep. I often lie awake nights, thinking——"

"Oh, nonsense, child—nonsense?" said Marie; "you are such a strange child!"

"But may I, mamma? I think," she said timidly, "that Mammy isn't well. She told me her head ached all the time, lately."

"Oh, that's just one of Mammy's fidgets! Mammy is just like all the rest of them—makes such a fuss about every little headache or finger-ache; it'll never do to encourage it—never! If you encourage servants in giving way to every little disagreeable feeling, and complaining of every little ailment, you'll have your hands full. I never complain myself—nobody knows what I endure. I feel it a duty to bear it quietly, and I do."

Miss Ophelia's round eyes expressed an undisguised amazement at this assertion, which

struck St. Clare as so supremely ludicrous that he burst into a loud laugh, for Mrs. St. Clare was always complaining.

"St. Clare always laughs when I make the least allusion to my ill-health," said Marie, with the voice of a suffering martyr. "I only hope the day won't come when he'll remember it!" and Marie put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Eva requires a good deal of watching," she added presently.

"She seems to be a good child, very," said Miss Ophelia; "I never saw a better child."

"Eva's peculiar," said her mother, "very. There are things about her so singular; she isn't like me, now, a particle;" and Marie sighed as if this was a truly melancholy consideration.

Miss Ophelia in her own heart said, "I hope she isn't," but had prudence enough to keep it down.

"Now, I always played with father's little negroes; it never did me any harm. But Eva somehow always seems to put herself on an equality with every creature that comes near her. It's a strange thing about the child. I never have been able to break her of it. St. Clare, I believe, encourages her in it. The fact is,

St. Clare indulges every creature under this roof but his own wife."

Again Miss Ophelia sat in blank silence.

"Now, there's no way with servants," said Marie, "but to *put them down*, and keep them down. It was always natural to me from a child. Eva is enough to spoil a whole house-full. What she will do when she comes to keep house herself, I'm sure I don't know; there's no getting into the child's head the first beginning of an idea what a servant's place is! You heard her offering to take care of me of nights, to let Mammy sleep! That's just a specimen of the way the child would be doing all the time, if she was left to herself."

"Why," said Miss Ophelia, bluntly, "I suppose you think your servants are human creatures, and ought to have some rest when they are tired?"

"Certainly; of course. I'm very particular in letting them have everything that comes convenient, anything that doesn't put one at all out of the way, you know. Mammy can make up her sleep some time or other; there's no difficulty about that. She's the sleepiest concern that ever I saw; sewing, standing, or sitting, that creature will go to sleep, and sleep anywhere and everywhere.

And so would Marie St. Clare, if she had been waked out of her sleep a dozen times in the night to wait on the whims of an unfeeling, fanciful woman.

Had they been free servants like ours, these poor creatures would have left their places; but being slaves, they could not. This arrangement suited Mrs. St. Clare, of course, and she said she thought herself very fortunate to have been born where slavery prevailed.

"Which do you like best, Eva?" said her papa, "to live where there are no slaves, as your uncle does up in Vermont, or to have a house-full of servants, as we do?"

"O, of course, our way is the pleasantest," said Eva.

"Why so?" said St. Clare, stroking her head.

"Why, it makes so many more round you to love, you know," said Eva, looking up earnestly.

"Now, that's just like Eva," said Marie; "just one of her odd speeches."

"Is it an odd speech, papa?" said Eva, whisperingly, as she got upon his knee.

"Rather, as this world goes, pussy," said St. Clare. "But where has my little Eva been all dinner-time?"

"Oh, I've been up in Tom's room, hearing him sing, and Aunt Dinah gave me my dinner."

"Hearing Tom sing, eh?"

"Oh, yes! He sings such beautiful things about the New Jerusalem, and bright angels, and the land of Canaan."

"I dare say; it's better than the Opera, isn't it?"

"Yes; and he's going to teach them to me."

"Singing lessons, eh?—you *are* coming on."

"Yes, he sings for me, and I read to him in my Bible; and he explains what it means, you know."

CHAPTER VII.

EVA'S HEART.

So happy, indeed, was poor Uncle Tom made by the kindness and affection of Eva, that he often compared his lot to that of Joseph, in Egypt; still, although Mr. St. Clare's slaves were all well off, Tom was often shocked by the cruelties to which those on the neighbouring estates were exposed. There was, amongst the rest, a poor

miserable old creature called Prue, who had been robbed of all her children, and battered and beaten about all her life, till she took to drinking, and at last she actually died of the ill treatment she received; just as Tom had heard the account of this poor woman he met little Eva,—a crown of tuberoses on her head, and her eyes radiant with delight.

"O, Tom! here you are. I am glad I've found you. Papa says you may get out the ponies, and take me in my little new carriage," said she, catching his hand. "But what's the matter, Tom? you look sober."

"I feel bad, Miss Eva," said Tom, sorrowfully. "But I'll get the horses for you."

"But do tell me, Tom, what is the matter. I saw you talking to cross old Prue."

Tom, in simple earnest phrase, told Eva the woman's history. She did not exclaim, or wonder, or weep, as other children do. Her cheeks grew pale, and a deep earnest shadow passed over her eyes. She laid both hands on her bosom, and sighed heavily.

"Tom, you needn't get me the horses, I don't want to go," she said.

"Why not, Miss Eva?"

"These things sink into my heart, Tom," said Eva,—"they sink into my heart," she repeated, earnestly. "I don't want to go;" and she turned from Tom, and went into the house.

"Lor bless us! Miss Eva's gwine to faint away! What got us all, to let her har such talk? Her pa 'll be rail mad," said Dinah.

"I shan't faint, Dinah," said the child, firmly; "and why shouldn't I hear it? It an't so much for me to hear it as for poor Prue to suffer it."

At table Marie alluded to the incident of Prue. "I suppose you'll think, cousin," she said, "that we are all barbarians."

"I think that's a barbarous thing," said Miss Ophelia, "but I don't think you are all barbarians."

"Well, now, said Marie, "I know it's impossible to get along with some of these creatures. If they'd only behave themselves it would not happen."

"But, mamma," said Eva, "the poor creature was unhappy; that's what made her drink."

"O, fiddlestick! as if that were any excuse! I'm unhappy very often. I presume," she said, pensively, "that I've had greater trials than ever she had. It's just because they are so bad. There's

some of them that you cannot break in by any kind of severity. I remember father had a man that was so lazy he would run away just to get rid of work, and lie round in the swamps, stealing and doing all sorts of horrid things. That man was caught and whipped, time and again, and it never did him any good; and the last time he crawled off, though he couldn't but just go, and died in the swamp. There was no sort of reason for it, for father's hands were always treated kindly."

"I broke a fellow in, once," said St. Clare, "that all the overseers and masters had tried their hands on in vain."

"You," said Marie; "well, I'd be glad to know when *you* ever did anything of the sort."

"Well, he was a powerful, gigantic fellow,—a native-born African; and he appeared to have the rude instinct of freedom in him to an uncommon degree. He was a regular African lion. They called him Scipio. Nobody could do anything with him; and he was sold round from overseer to overseer, till at last my brother Alfred bought him, because he thought he could manage him. Well, one day he knocked down the overseer, and was fairly off into the swamps. I was on a

visit to Alf's plantation, and Alfred was greatly exasperated; but I told him that it was his own fault, and laid him any wager that I could break the man; and, finally, it was agreed that if I caught him, I should have him to experiment on. So they mustered out a party of some six or seven, with guns and dogs, for the hunt. People, you know, can get up just as much enthusiasm in hunting a man as a deer, if it is only customary in fact, I got a little excited myself, though I had only put in as a sort of mediator, in case he was caught.

"Well, the dogs bayed and howled, and we rode and scampered, and finally we started him. He ran and bounded like a buck, and kept us well in the rear for some time; but at last he got caught in an impenetrable thicket of cane; then he turned to bay, and I tell you he fought the dogs right gallantly. He dashed them to right and left, and actually killed three of them with only his naked fists, when a shot from a gun brought him down, and he fell, wounded and bleeding, almost at my feet. The poor fellow looked up at me with manhood and despair both in his eye. I kept back the dogs and the party, as they came pressing up, and claimed him as my

prisoner. It was all I could do to keep them from shooting him, in the flush of success; but I persisted in my bargain, and Alfred sold him to me. Well, I took him in hand, and in one fortnight I had him tamed down as submissive and tractable as heart could desire."

"What in the world did you do to him?" said Marie.

"Well, it was quite a simple process. I took him to my own room, had a good bed made for him, dressed his wounds, and tended him myself, until he got fairly on his feet again. And, in process of time, I had free papers made out for him, and told him he might go where he liked."

"And did he go?" said Miss Ophelia.

"No. The foolish fellow tore the paper in two, and absolutely refused to leave me. I never had a braver, better fellow,—trusty and true as steel. He embraced Christianity afterwards, and became as gentle as a child. He used to oversee my place on the lake, and did it capitally, too. I lost him the first cholera season. In fact, he laid down his life for me,—for I was sick, almost to death; and when, through the panic, everybody else fled, Scipio worked for me like a giant, and actually brought me back into life again. But,

poor fellow! he was taken, right after, and there was no saving him. I never felt anybody's loss more."

Eva had come gradually nearer and nearer to her father, as he told the story,—her small lips apart, her eyes wide and earnest with absorbing interest.

As he finished, she suddenly threw her arms around his neck, burst into tears, and sobbed convulsively.

"Eva, dear child! what is the matter?" said St. Clare, as the child's small frame trembled and shook with the violence of her feelings. "This child," he added, "ought not to hear any of this kind of thing,—she's nervous."

"No, papa, I'm not nervous," said Eva, controlling herself suddenly, with a strength of resolution singular in such a child; "I'm not nervous, but these things *sink into my heart.*"

"What do you mean, Eva?"

"I can't tell you, papa. I think a great many thoughts. Perhaps some day I shall tell you."

"Well, think away, dear,—only don't cry," said St. Clare. "Look here,—see what a beautiful peach I have got for you!"

Eva took it, and smiled, though there was still

a nervous twitching about the corners of her mouth.

"Come, look at the gold-fish," said St. Clare, taking her hand and stepping on to the verandah. A few moments, and merry laughs were heard through the silken curtains, as Eva and St. Clare were pelting each other with roses, and chasing each other among the alleys of the court.

There is danger that our humble friend Tom be neglected amid the adventures of the higher born; but if our readers will accompany us up to a little loft over the stable, they may, perhaps, learn a little of his affairs. It was a decent room, containing a bed, a chair, and a small rough stand, where lay Tom's Bible and hymn-book; and where he sits at present, with his slate before him, intent on something that seems to cost him a great deal of anxious thought.

The fact was, that Tom's home-yearnings had become so strong that he had begged a sheet of writing-paper of Eva, and, mustering up all his small stock of literary attainment, acquired by Mas'r George's instructions, he conceived the bold idea of writing a letter; and he was busy

now, on his slate, getting out his first draft. Tom was in a good deal of trouble, for the forms of some of the letters he had forgotten entirely; and of what he did remember, he did not know exactly which to use. And while he was working, and breathing very hard, in his earnestness, Eva alighted, like a bird, on the round of his chair behind him, and peeped over his shoulder.

"O, Uncle Tom! what funny things you *are* making there!"

"I'm trying to write to my poor old woman, Miss Eva, and my little chil'n," said Tom, drawing the back of his hand over his eyes; "but, somehow, I'm 'feard I shan't make it out."

"I wish I could help you, Tom! I've learnt to write some. Last year I could make all the letters, but I'm afraid I've forgotten."

So Eva put her little golden head close to his, and the two commenced a grave and anxious discussion, each one equally earnest, and about equally ignorant; and with a deal of consulting and advising over every word, the composition began, as they both felt very sanguine, to look quite like writing.

"Yes, Uncle Tom, it really begins to look beautiful," said Eva, gazing delightedly on it.

"How pleased your wife'll be, and the poor little children! O, it's a shame you ever had to go away from them! I mean to ask papa to let you go back, some time."

"Missis said that she would send down money for me, as soon as they could get it together," said Tom. "I'm 'spectin' she will. Young Mas'r George, he said he'd come for me; and he gave me this yer dollar as a sign," and Tom drew from under his clothes the precious dollar.

"O, he'll certainly come, then!" said Eva. "I'm so glad!"

"And I wanted to send a letter, you know, to let 'm know whar I was, and tell poor Chloe that I was well off,—'cause she felt so dre'ful, poor soul!"

"I say, Tom!" said St. Clare's voice, coming in the door at this moment.

Tom and Eva both started.

"What's here?" said St. Clare, coming up and looking at the slate.

"O, it's Tom's letter. I'm helping him to write it," said Eva; "isn't it nice?"

"I wouldn't discourage either of you," said St. Clare, "but I rather think, Tom, you'd better get me to write your letter for you. I'll do it when I come home from my ride."

"It's very important he should write," said Eva, "because his mistress is going to send down money to redeem him, you know, papa; he told me they told him so."

St. Clare thought in his heart, that this was probably only one of those things which good-natured owners say to their servants, to alleviate their horror of being sold, without any intention of fulfilling the expectation thus excited. But he did not make any audible comment upon it,—only ordered Tom to get the horses out for a ride.

Tom's letter was written in due form for him that evening, and safely lodged in the post-office.

CHAPTER VIII.

TOPSY.

Miss Ophelia's industry was incessant. She sewed and stitched away from daylight till dusk;

and when the light faded, out came the knitting needles, and on she went as briskly as ever.

One morning, while she was busy in some of her domestic cares, St. Clare's voice was heard, calling her at the foot of the stairs.

"Come down here, cousin; I've something to show you."

"What is it?" said Miss Ophelia, coming down, with her sewing in her hand.

"I've made a purchase for your department,—see here," said St. Clare; and, with the word, he pulled along a little negro girl, about eight or nine years of age.

She was one of the blackest of her race; and her round, shining eyes, glittering as glass beads, moved with quick and restless glances over everything in the room. Her mouth, half open with astonishment at the wonders of the new mas'r's parlour, displayed a white and brilliant set of teeth. Her woolly hair was braided in sundry little tails, which stuck out in every direction. The expression of her face was an odd mixture of shrewdness and cunning, over which was oddly drawn, like a kind of veil, an expression of the most doleful gravity and solemnity. She was dressed in a single filthy, ragged garment,

made of bagging; and stood with her hands demurely folded before her. Altogether, there was something odd and goblin-like about her appearance,—something, as Miss Ophelia afterwards said, "so heathenish," as to inspire that good lady with utter dismay; and, turning to St. Clare, she said,

"Augustine, what in the world have you brought that thing here for?"

"For you to educate, to be sure, and train in the way she should go. I thought she was rather a funny specimen in the Jim Crow line. Here, Topsy," he added, giving a whistle, as a man would to call the attention of a dog, "give us a song, now, and show us some of your dancing."

The black, glassy eyes glittered with a kind of wicked drollery, and the thing struck up, in a clear shrill voice, an odd negro melody, to which she kept time with her hands and feet, spinning round, clapping her hands, knocking her knees together, in a wild, fantastic sort of time, and producing in her throat all those odd guttural sounds which distinguish the native music of her race.

Miss Ophelia stood silent, perfectly paralysed with amazement.

St. Clare, like a mischievous fellow as he was, appeared to enjoy her astonishment; and, addressing the child again, said,—

"Topsy, this is your new mistress. I'm going to give you up to her; see now that you behave yourself."

"Yes, mas'r," said Topsy, gravely, her wicked eyes twinkling as she spoke.

"You're going to be good, Topsy, you understand," said St. Clare.

"O yes, mas'r," said Topsy, with another twinkle.

"Now, Augustine, what upon earth is this for?" said Miss Ophelia. "Your house is so full of these little plagues, now, that a body can't set down their foot without treading on 'em. I get up in the morning, and find one asleep behind the door, and see one black head poking out from under the table, one lying on the door-mat,—and they are mopping and mowing and grinning between all the railings, and tumbling over the kitchen floor! What on earth did you want to bring this one for?"

"For you to educate—didn't I tell you?"

"*I* don't want her, I am sure;—I have more to do with 'em now than I want to."

"Why, the fact is," said St. Clare, "this concern belonged to a couple of drunken creatures that keep a low coffee-shop that I have to pass by every day, and I was tired of hearing her screaming, and them beating and swearing at her. She looked bright and funny, too, as if something might be made of her;—so I bought her, and I'll give her to you. Try, now, and see what you can make of her. You know I haven't any gift that way; but I'd like you to try."

"Well, I'll do what I can," said Miss Ophelia; and she approached her new subject very much as a person might be supposed to approach a black spider, supposing them to have benevolent designs toward it.

"She's dreadfully dirty, and half naked," she said.

"Well, take her down stairs, and make some of them clean and clothe her up."

Miss Ophelia carried her to the kitchen regions. And when she had made her clean and tidy, she began to question her.

"How old are you, Topsy?"

"Dun'no, Missis," said the image, with a grin that showed all her teeth.

"Don't know how old you are? Didn't

anybody ever tell you? Who was your mother?"

"Never had none!" said the child, with another grin.

"Never had any mother! What do you mean? Where were you born?"

"Never was born!" persisted Topsy, with another grin, that looked so goblin-like, that, if Miss Ophelia had been at all nervous, it might have frightened her; but Miss Ophelia was not nervous, but plain and business-like, and she said, with some sternness,

"You mustn't answer me in that way, child; I'm not playing with you. Tell me where you were born; and who your father and mother were."

"Never was born," repeated the creature; "never had no father nor mother, nor nothin'. I was raised by a speculator, with lots of others. Old Aunt Sue used to take car on us."

The child was evidently sincere; and Jane, breaking into a short laugh, said,

"Laws, missis, there's heaps of 'em. Speculators buys 'em up cheap, when they's little, and gets 'em raised for market."

"How long have you lived with your master and mistress?"

"Dun'no, missis."

"Is it a year, or more, or less?"

"Dun'no, missis."

"Laws, missis, those low negroes,—they can't tell; they don't know anything about time," said Jane; "they don't know what a year is; they don't know their own ages."

"Have you ever heard anything about God, Topsy?"

The child looked bewildered, but grinned as usual.

"Do you know who made you?"

"Nobody, as I knows on," said the child, with a short laugh.

The idea appeared to amuse her considerably; for her eyes twinkled, and she added,

"I 'spect I grow'd. Don't think nobody never made me."

"Do you know how to sew?" said Miss Ophelia, who thought she would turn her inquiries to something more tangible.

"No, missis."

"What can you do?—what did you do for your master and mistress?"

"Fetch water, and wash dishes, and rub knives, and wait on folks."

"Were they good to you?"

"'Spect they was," said the child, scanning Miss Ophelia cunningly.

Miss Ophelia began with Topsy by taking her into her chamber, the first morning, and solemnly commencing a course of instruction in the art and mystery of bedmaking.

Behold, then, Topsy, washed and shorn of all the little braided tails wherein her heart had delighted, arrayed in a clean gown, with well-starched apron, standing reverently before Miss Ophelia, with an expression of solemnity well befitting a funeral.

"Now, Topsy, I'm going to show you just how my bed is to be made. I am very particular about my bed. You must learn exactly how to do it."

"Yes, ma'am," says Topsy, with a deep sigh, and a face of woful earnestness.

"Now, Topsy, look here;—this is the hem of the sheet,—this is the right side of the sheet, and this is the wrong;—will you remember?"

"Yes, ma'am," says Topsy, with another sigh.

"Well, now, the under sheet you must bring over the bolster,—so,—and tuck it clear down under the mattress nice and smooth,—so,—do you see?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Topsy, with profound attention.

"But the upper sheet," said Miss Ophelia, "must be brought down in this way, and tucked under firm and smooth at the foot,—so,—the narrow hem at the foot."

"Yes, ma'am," said Topsy, as before;—but we will add, what Miss Ophelia did not see, that, during the time when the good lady's back was turned, in the zeal of her manipulations, the young disciple had contrived to snatch a pair of gloves and a ribbon, which she had adroitly slipped into her sleeves, and stood with her hands dutifully folded, as before.

"Now, Topsy, let's see *you* do this," said Miss Ophelia, pulling off the clothes, and seating herself.

Topsy, with great gravity and adroitness, went through the exercise completely to Miss Ophelia's satisfaction; smoothing the sheets, patting out every wrinkle, and exhibiting, through the whole process, a gravity and seriousness with which her instructress was greatly edified. By an unlucky slip, however, a fluttering fragment of the ribbon hung out of one of her sleeves, just as she was finishing, and caught Miss Ophelia's

attention. Instantly she pounced upon it. "What's this? You naughty, wicked child,—you've been stealing this!"

The ribbon was pulled out of Topsy's own sleeve, yet was she not in the least disconcerted; she only looked at it with an air of the most surprised and unconscious innocence.

"Laws! why, that ar's Miss Feely's ribbon, an't it? How could it a got caught in my sleeve?"

"Topsy, you naughty girl, don't you tell me a lie,—you stole that ribbon!"

"Missis, I declar for't I didn't;—never seed it till dis yer blessed minnit."

"Topsy," said Miss Ophelia, "don't you know it's wicked to tell lies?"

"I never tells no lies, Miss Feely," said Topsy, with virtuous gravity; "it's jist the truth I've been a tellin' now, and an't nothin' else."

"Topsy, I shall have to whip you, if you tell lies so."

"Laws, missis, if you's to whip all day, couldn't say no other way," said Topsy, beginning to blubber. "I never see dat ar,—it must a got caught in my sleeve. Miss Feely must have left it on the bed, and it got caught in the clothes, and so got in my sleeve."

Miss Ophelia was so indignant at the barefaced lie, that she caught the child and shook her.

"Don't you tell me that again!"

The shake brought the gloves on to the floor from the other sleeve.

"There you!" said Miss Ophelia; "will you tell me now, you didn't steal the ribbon?"

Topsy now confessed to the gloves, but still persisted in denying the ribbon.

"Now, Topsy," said Miss Ophelia, "if you'll confess all about it, I won't whip you this time." Thus adjured, Topsy confessed to the ribbon and gloves, with woful protestations of penitence.

"Well, now, tell me. I know you must have taken other things since you have been in the house, for I let you run about all day yesterday. Now, tell me if you took anything, and I shan't whip you."

"Laws, missis! I took Miss Eva's red thing she wars on her neck."

"You did, you naughty child!—Well, what else?"

"I took Rosa's yer-rings,—them red ones."

"Go bring them to me this minute, both of 'em."

"Laws, missis! I can't,—they's burnt up!"

"Burnt up!—what a story! Go get 'em, or I'll whip you."

Topsy, with loud protestations, and tears, and groans, declared that she *could* not. "They's burnt up,—they was."

"What did you burn 'em up for?" said Miss Ophelia.

"Cause I's wicked,—I is. I's mighty wicked, any how. I can't help it."

Just at this moment, Eva came innocently into the room, with the identical coral necklace on her neck.

"Why, Eva, where did you get your necklace?" said Miss Ophelia.

"Get it? why, I've had it on all day," said Eva.

"Did you have it on yesterday?"

"Yes: and what is funny, Aunty, I had it on all night. I forgot to take it off when I went to bed."

Miss Ophelia looked perfectly bewildered; the more so, as Rosa, at that instant, came into the room, with a basket of newly-ironed linen poised on her head, and the coral ear-drops shaking in her ears!

"I'm sure I can't tell anything what to do with

such a child!" she said, in despair. "What in the world did you tell me you took those things for, Topsy?"

"Why, missis said I must 'fess; and I couldn't think of nothin' else to 'fess," said Topsy, rubbing her eyes.

"But, of course, I didn't want you to confess things you didn't do," said Miss Ophelia; "that's telling a lie, just as much as the other."

"Laws, now, is it?" said Topsy, with an air of innocent wonder.

"La, there an't any such thing as truth in that limb," said Rosa, looking indignantly at Topsy. "If I was Mas'r St. Clare, I'd whip her till the blood run, I would,—I'd let her catch it!"

"No, no, Rosa," said Eva, with an air of command, which the child could assume at times; "you mustn't talk so, Rosa. I can't bear to hear 't."

"La sakes! Miss Eva, you's so good, you don't know nothing how to get along with niggers. There's no way but to cut 'em well up, I tell ye."

"Rosa!" said Eva, "hush! Don't you say another word of that sort!" and the eye of the child flashed, and her cheek deepened its colour.

Rosa was cowed in a moment.

"Miss Eva has got the St. Clare blood in her, that's plain. She can speak, for all the world, just like her papa," she said, as she passed out of the room. Eva stood looking at Topsy; and when Miss Ophelia expatiated on Topsy's naughty, wicked conduct, the child looked perplexed and sorrowful, but said, sweetly,—

"Poor Topsy, why need you steal? You're going to be taken good care of, now. I'm sure I'd rather give you anything of mine than have you steal it."

It was the first word of kindness the child had ever heard in her life; and the sweet tone and manner struck strangely on the wild, rude heart, and the sparkle of something like a tear shone in the keen, round, glittering eye; but it was followed by the short laugh and habitual grin. No! the ear that has never heard anything but abuse is strangely incredulous of anything so heavenly as kindness; and Topsy only thought Eva's speech something funny and inexplicable,—she did not believe it.

But what was to be done with Topsy? Miss Ophelia found the case a puzzler; her rules for bringing up didn't seem to apply. She thought she would take time to think of it; and,

by way of gaining time, and in hopes of some good effect being produced upon the child Miss Ophelia shut Topsy up in a dark closet till she had arranged her ideas further on the subject.

CHAPTER IX.

TOPSY CONTINUED.

"I DON'T see," said Miss Ophelia to St. Clare, "how I'm going to manage that child without whipping her."

"Well, whip her, then, to your heart's content; I'll give you full power to do as you like."

"Children always have to be whipped," said Miss Ophelia; "I never heard of bringing them up without."

"O, well, certainly," said St. Clare; "do as you think best. Only I'll make one suggestion: I've seen this child whipped with a poker, knocked down with the shovel or tongs, whichever came handiest, &c.; and, seeing that she is used to that

style of operation, I think your whippings will have to be pretty energetic, to make much impression."

"What is to be done with her, then?" said Miss Ophelia; "I'm sure I don't know; I never saw such a child as this."

"Such children are very common among us, and such men and women, too. How are they to be governed?" said St. Clare.

"I'm sure it's more than I can say," said Miss Ophelia. "It is your system makes such children."

"I know it; but they are *made*—they exist—and what *is* to be done with them?"

"Well, I can't say. But, then, as it appears to be a duty, I shall persevere, and try and do the best I can," said Miss Ophelia; and Miss Ophelia, after this, did labour, with a commendable degree of zeal and energy, on her new subject. She appointed regular hours and employments for her, and undertook to teach her to read and to sew.

In the former art the child was quick enough. She learned her letters as if by magic, and was very soon able to read plain reading; but the sewing was a more difficult matter. The creature was as lithe as a cat, and as active as a monkey,

and the confinement of sewing was her abomination; so she broke her needles, threw them slyly out of the windows, or down in the chinks of the walls; she tangled, broke, and dirtied her thread, or, with a sly movement, would throw a spool away altogether. Her motions were almost as quick as those of a practised conjuror, and her command of her face quite as great; and though Miss Ophelia could not help feeling that so many accidents could not possibly happen in succession, yet she could not, without a watchfulness which would leave her no time for anything else, detect her.

Topsy was soon a noted character in the establishment. Her talent for every species of drollery, grimace, and mimicry—for dancing, tumbling, climbing, singing, whistling, imitating every sound that hit her fancy—seemed inexhaustible. In her play-hours, she invariably had every child in the establishment at her heels, open-mouthed with admiration and wonder—not excepting Miss Eva, who appeared to be fascinated by her wild diablerie, as a dove is sometimes charmed by a glittering serpent. Miss Ophelia was uneasy that Eva should fancy Topsy's society so much, and implored St. Clare to forbid it.

"Poh! let the child alone," said St. Clare. "Topsy will do her good."

"But so depraved a child—are you not afraid she will do her some mischief?"

"She can't teach her mischief; she might teach it to some children: evil rolls off Eva's mind like dew off a cabbage leaf—not a drop sinks in."

"Don't be too sure," said Miss Ophelia. "I know I'd never let a child of mine play with Topsy."

"Well, your children needn't," said St. Clare, "but mine may. If Eva could have been spoiled, it would have been done years ago."

Topsy was smart and energetic in all manual operations, learning everything that was taught her with surprising quickness. With a few lessons, she had learned to do the proprieties of Miss Ophelia's chamber in a way with which even that particular lady could find no fault. Mortal hands could not lay spread smoother, adjust pillows more accurately, sweep and dust and arrange more perfectly than Topsy, when she chose; but she didn't very often choose. If Miss Ophelia, after three or four days of careful and patient supervision, was so sanguine as to suppose that Topsy had at last fallen into her way, could now

do without overlooking, and so go off and busy herself about something else, Topsy would hold a perfect carnival of confusion, for some one or two hours. Instead of making the bed, she would amuse herself with pulling off the pillow-cases, butting her woolly head among the pillows, till it would sometimes be grotesquely ornamented with feathers sticking out in various directions; she would climb the posts, and hang head downward from the tops; flourish the sheets and spreads all over the apartment; dress the bolster up in Miss Ophelia's night-clothes, and enact various scenic performances with that,—singing and whistling, and making grimaces at herself in the looking-glass; in short, as Miss Ophelia phrased it, "raising Cain" generally.

On one occasion, Miss Ophelia found Topsy with her very best scarlet India Canton crape shawl wound round her head for a turban, going on with her rehearsals before the glass in great style,—Miss Ophelia having, with carelessness most unheard-of in her, left the key for once in her drawer.

"Topsy!" she would say, when at the end of all patience, "what does make you act so?"

"Dun'no, missis,—I 'spects 'cause I's so wicked!"

"I don't know anything what I shall do with you, Topsy."

"Law, missis, you must whip me; my old missis allers whipped me. I an't used to workin' unless I gets whipped."

"Why, Topsy, I don't want to whip you. You can do well, if you've a mind to; what is the reason you won't?"

"Laws, missis, I's used to whippin'; I 'spects it's good for me."

Miss Ophelia tried the recipe, and Topsy invariably made a terrible commotion, screaming, groaning, and imploring, although half an hour afterwards, when roosted on some projection of the balcony, and surrounded by a flock of admiring "young uns," she would express the utmost contempt of the whole affair.

"Law, Miss Feely whip!—wouldn't kill a skeeter, her whippins. Oughter see how old mas'r made the flesh fly; old mas'r know'd how!"

Topsy always made great capital of her own sins and enormities, evidently considering them as something peculiarly distinguishing.

"Law, you niggers," she would say to some of her auditors, "does you know you's all sinners? Well, you is—everybody is. White folks is sin-

ners too,—Miss Feely says so; but I 'spects niggers is the biggest ones; but lor! ye an't any on ye up to me. I's so awful wicked there can't nobody do nothin' with me. I used to keep old missis a swarin' at me half de time. I 'spects I's the wickedest critter in the world;" and Topsy would cut a summerset, and come up brisk and shining to a higher perch, and evidently plume herself on the distinction.

Miss Ophelia busied herself very earnestly on Sundays, teaching Topsy the Catechism. Topsy had an uncommon verbal memory, and committed with a fluency that greatly encouraged her instructress.

"Well, go on Topsy," said Miss Ophelia; "what comes next?"

"Our first parents, being left to the freedom of their own will, fell from the state wherein they were created."

Topsy's eyes twinkled, and she looked inquiringly.

"What is it, Topsy?" said Miss Ophelia.

"Please, missis, was dat ar state Kintuck?"

"What state, Topsy?"

"Dat state dey fell out of. I used to hear mas'r tell how we came down from Kintuck."

St. Clare laughed.

"You'll have to give her a meaning, or she'll make one," said he.

"O! Augustine, be still," said Miss Ophelia; "how can I do anything if you will be laughing?"

"Well, I won't disturb the exercises again, on my honour;" and St. Clare took his paper into the parlour, and sat down, till Topsy had finished her recitations. They were all very well, only that now and then she would oddly transpose some important words, and persist in the mistake, in spite of every effort to the contrary; and St. Clare, after all his promises of goodness, took a wicked pleasure in these mistakes, calling Topsy to him whenever he had a mind to amuse himself, and getting her to repeat the offending passages, in spite of Miss Ophelia's remonstrances.

"How do you think I can do anything with the child if you will go on so, Augustine?" she would say.

"Well, it is too bad,—I won't again; but I do like to hear the droll little image stumble over those big words!"

"But you confirm her in the wrong way."

"What's the odds? One word is as good as another to her."

"You wanted me to bring her up right; and you ought to remember she is a reasonable creature, and be careful of your influence over her."

"O, dismal! so I ought; but, as Topsy herself says, 'I's so wicked!'"

In very much this way Topsy's training proceeded for a year or two,—Miss Ophelia worrying herself from day to day with her, as a kind of hourly plague, to whose inflictions she became in time as accustomed as persons sometimes do to the sick-headache.

St. Clare took the same kind of amusement in the child as a man might in the tricks of a parrot or a pointer. Topsy, whenever her sins brought her into disgrace in other quarters, always took refuge behind his chair; and St. Clare, in one way or other, would make peace for her. From him she got many a stray picayune, which she laid out in nuts and candies, and distributed, with careless generosity, to all the children in the family; for Topsy, to do her justice, was good-natured and liberal, and only spiteful in self-defence.

CHAPTER X.

KENTUCK.

Our readers may not be unwilling to glance back, for a brief interval, at Uncle Tom's Cabin, on the Kentucky farm, and see what has been transpiring among those whom he had left behind.

It was late in the summer afternoon, and the doors and windows of the large parlour all stood open, to invite any stray breeze that might feel in a good humour, to enter. Mr. Shelby sat in a large hall opening into the room, and running through the whole length of the house, to a balcony on either end. Leisurely tipped back in one chair, with his heels in another, he was enjoying his after-dinner cigar. Mrs. Shelby sat at the door, busy about some fine sewing; she seemed like one who had something on her mind, which she was seeking an opportunity to introduce.

"Do you know," she said, "that Chloe has had a letter from Tom?"

"Ah! has she? Tom's got some friend there. How is the old boy?"

"He has been bought by a very fine family, I should think," said Mrs. Shelby,—"is kindly treated, and has not much to do."

"Ah! well, I'm glad of it,—very glad," said Mr. Shelby, heartily. "Tom, I suppose, will be reconciled to a Southern residence;—hardly want to come up here again."

"On the contrary, he inquires very anxiously," said Mrs. Shelby, "when the money for his redemption is to be raised."

"I'm sure *I* don't know," said Mr. Shelby. "Once get business running wrong, there does seem to be no end to it. It's like jumping from one bog to another, all through a swamp; borrow of one to pay another, and then borrow of another to pay one,—dunning letters and dunning messages,—all scamper hurry-scurry."

"It does seem to me, my dear, that something might be done to straighten matters. Suppose we sell off all the horses, and sell one of your farms, and pay up square?"

"O, ridiculous, Emily! you haven't sense to know that you don't understand business; women never do, and never can."

"But, at least," said Mrs. Shelby, "could not you give me a list of all your debts, and of all that is owed to you, and let me try and see if I can't help you to economise."

"O, bother! don't plague me, Emily!—I can't tell exactly. You don't know anything about business, I tell you."

Mrs. Shelby ceased talking, with something of a sigh. Her heart was set on performing her promise to Tom and Aunt Chloe, and she sighed as discourgements thickened around her.

"Don't you think we might in some way contrive to raise that money? Poor Aunt Chloe! her heart is so set on it. If I can get the money no other way, I will take music scholars; I could get enough, I know, and earn the money myself."

"You wouldn't degrade yourself that way, Emily?"

"Degrade! would it degrade me as much as to break my faith with the helpless? No, indeed!"

Here the conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Aunt Chloe at the end of the verandah.

"If you please, missis," said she—

"Well, Chloe, what is it?" said her mistress, rising, and going to the end of the balcony.

"If missis would come and look at dis yer lot o' poetry."

Chloe had a particular fancy for calling poultry poetry,—an application of language in which she always persisted, notwithstanding frequent corrections and advisings from the young members of the family.

"La sakes!" she would say, "I can't see; one jis good as turry,—poetry suthin' good, any how;" and so poetry Chloe continued to call it.

Mrs. Shelby smiled as she saw a prostrate lot of chickens and ducks, over which Chloe stood, with a very grave face of consideration.

"I'm a thinkin' whether Missis would be a havin' a chicken pie o' dese yer."

"Really, Aunt Chloe, I don't much care; serve them any way you like."

Chloe stood handling them over abstractedly; it was quite evident that the chickens were not what she was thinking of. At last, with a short laugh with which her tribe often introduces a doubtful proposal, she said,—

"Laws me, missis! what should mas'r and missis be a troublin' theirselves 'bout de money,

and not usin' what's right in der hands!" and Chloe laughed again.

"I don't understand you, Chloe," said Mrs. Shelby; nothing doubting from her knowledge of Chloe's manner, that she had heard every word of the conversation that had passed between her and her husband.

"Why, laws me, missis!" said Chloe, laughing again, "other folks hires out der niggers and makes money on 'em! Don't keep such a tribe eatin' 'em out of house and home."

"Well, Chloe, who do you propose that we should hire out?"

"Laws! I an't a proposin' nothin'; only Sam he said der was one of dese yer *perfectioners*, dey calls 'em, in Louisville, said he wanted a good hand at cake and pastry; and said he'd give four dollars a-week to one, he did."

"Well, Chloe."

"Well, laws, I's a thinkin', missis, it's time Sally was put along to be doin' something. Sally's been under my care, now, dis some time, and she does 'most as well as me, considerin'; and if missis would only let me go, I would help fetch up de money. I an't afraid to put my cake, nor pies nother, 'longside no *perfectioner's*."

"Confectioner's, Chloe."

"Law sakes, missis! 'tan't no odds;—words is so curis, can't never get 'em right!"

"But, Chloe, do you want to leave your children?"

"Laws, missis; de boys is big enough to do day's works; dey does well enough; and Sally, she'll take de baby,—she's such a peart young un, she won't take no lookin' arter."

"Louisville is a good way off."

"Law sakes! who's afeard?—it's down river, somer near my old man, perhaps?" said Chloe, speaking the last in the tone of a question, and looking at Mrs. Shelby.

"No, Chloe; it's many hundred miles off," said Mrs. Shelby.

Chloe's countenance fell.

"Never mind; your going there shall bring you nearer, Chloe. Yes, you may go; and your wages shall every cent of them be laid aside for your husband's redemption."

As when a bright sunbeam turns a dark cloud to silver, so Chloe's dark face brightened immediately;—it really shone.

"Laws! if missis isn't too good! I was thinking of dat ar very thing; 'cause I shouldn't need

no clothes, nor shoes, nor nothin',—I could save every cent. How many weeks is der in a year, missis?"

"Fifty-two," said Mrs. Shelby.

"Laws! now, dere is? and four dollars for each on 'em. Why, how much'd dat ar be?"

"Two hundred and eight dollars," said Mrs. Shelby.

"Why-e!" said Chloe, with an accent of surprise and delight; "and how long would it take me to work it out, missis?"

"Some four or five years, Chloe; but, then, you needn't do it all,—I shall add something to it."

"I wouldn't hear to missis givin' lessons nor nothin'. Mas'r's quite right in dat ar;—twouldn't do, no ways. I hope none our family ever be brought to dat ar, while I's got hands."

"Don't fear, Chloe; I'll take care of the honour of the family," said Mrs. Shelby, smiling. "But when do you expect to go."

"Well, I wan't 'specting nothin'; only Sam, he's a gwine to de river with some colts, and he said I could go 'long with him; so I jes put my things together. If missis was willin', I'd go with Sam to-morrow morning, if missis would

write my pass, and write me a commendation."

"Well, Chloe, I'll attend to it, if Mr. Shelby has no objections. I must speak to him."

Mrs. Shelby went up stairs, and Aunt Chloe, delighted, went out to her cabin, to make her preparation.

"Law sakes, Mas'r George! ye didn't know I's a gwine to Louisville to-morrow!" she said to George, as, entering her cabin, he found her busy in sorting over her baby's clothes. "I thought I'd jis look over sis's things, and get 'em straightened up. But I'm gwine, Mas'r George—gwine to have four dollars a week; and missis is gwine to lay it all up, to buy back my old man ag'in!"

"Whew!" said George, "here's a stroke of business, to be sure! How are you going?"

"To-morrow, wid Sam. And now, Mas'r George, I knows you'll jist sit down and write to my old man, and tell him all about it—won't ye?"

"To be sure," said George; "Uncle Tom'll be right glad to hear from us. I'll go right in the house for paper and ink; and then, you know, Aunt Chloe, I can tell about the new colts and all."

"Sartin, sartin, Mas'r George; you go 'long, and I'll get ye up a bit of chicken, or some sich; ye won't have many more suppers wid yer poor old aunty."

CHAPTER XI.

"THE GRASS WITHERETH—THE FLOWER FADETH."

LIFE passes with us all, a day at a time; so it passed with our friend Tom, till two years were gone. Though parted from all his soul held dear, and though often yearning for what lay beyond, still was he never positively miserable.

Tom read, in his Bible, of one who had "learned in whatsoever state he was, therewith to be content." It seemed to him good and reasonable doctrine, and accorded well with the settled and thoughtful habit which he had acquired from the reading of that same book.

His letter homeward, as we related in the last chapter, was in due time answered by Master George, in a good, round, schoolboy hand, that

Tom said might be read "'most across the room." It contained various refreshing items of home intelligence, with which our reader is fully acquainted: stated how Aunt Chloe had been hired out to a confectioner in Louisville, where her skill in the pastry line was gaining wonderful sums of money, all of which, Tom was informed, was to be laid up to go to make up the sum of his redemption-money: Mose and Pete were thriving, and the baby was trotting all about the house, under the care of Sally and the family generally.

Tom's cabin was shut up for the present; but George expatiated brilliantly on ornaments and additions to be made to it when Tom came back.

The rest of this letter gave a list of George's school studies, each one headed by a flourishing capital; and also told the names of four new colts that appeared on the premises since Tom left; and stated, in the same connexion, that father and mother were well. The style of the letter was decidedly concise and terse; but Tom thought it the most wonderful specimen of composition that had appeared in modern times. He was never tired of looking at it, and even held a council with Eva on the expediency of getting it

framed, to hang up in his room. Nothing but the difficulty of arranging it so that both sides of the page would show at once, stood in the way of this undertaking.

The friendship of Tom and Eva had grown with the child's growth; and to humour her graceful fancies, and meet those thousand simple wants which invest childhood like a many-coloured rainbow, was Tom's chief delight. In the market, at morning, his eyes were always on the flower-stalls for rare bouquets for her, and the choicest peach or orange was slipped into his pocket to give to her when he came back; and the sight that pleased him most was her sunny head looking out at the gate for his distant approach, and her childish question—"Well, Uncle Tom, what have you got for me to-day?"

Nor was Eva less zealous in kind offices, in return. Though a child, she was a beautiful reader;—such a reader of the Bible as Tom had never before heard. At first, she read to please her humble friend; but soon her own earnest nature threw out its tendrils, and wound itself around the majestic book; and Eva loved it, because it woke in her strange yearnings, and strong, dim emotions, such as impassioned, imaginative children love to feel.

At this time in our story the whole St. Clare establishment is, for the time being, removed to their villa on Lake Pontchartrain. The heats of summer had driven all who were able to leave the sultry and unhealthy city, to seek the shores of the lake, and its cool sea breezes.

St. Clare's villa was an East Indian cottage, surrounded by light verandahs of bamboo-work, and opening on all sides into gardens and pleasure grounds. The common sitting-room opened on to a large garden, fragrant with every picturesque plant and flower of the tropics, where winding paths ran down to the very shores of the lake, whose silvery sheet of water lay there, rising and falling in the sunbeams,—a picture never for an hour the same, yet every hour more beautiful.

It is now one of those intensely golden sunsets which kindle the whole horizon into one blaze of glory and make the water another sky. The lake lay in rosy or golden streaks, save where white-winged vessels glided hither and thither, like so many spirits, and little golden stars twinkled through the glow, and looked down at themselves as they trembled in the water.

Tom and Eva were seated on a little mossy seat, in an arbour, at the foot of the garden. It

was Sunday evening, and Eva's Bible lay open on her knee. She read,—"And I saw a sea of glass, mingled with fire."

"Tom," said Eva, suddenly stopping and pointing to the lake, "there 'tis."

"What, Miss Eva?"

"Don't you see,—there?" said the child, pointing to the glassy water, which, as it rose and fell, reflected the golden glow of the sky. "There's a 'sea of glass, mingled with fire.'"

"True enough, Miss Eva," said Tom; and Tom sang—

> "O had I the wings of the morning,
> I'd fly away to Canaan's shore;
> Bright angels should convey me home,
> To the New Jerusalem."

"Where do you suppose New Jerusalem is, Uncle Tom?" said Eva.

"Oh! up in the clouds, Miss Eva."

"Then I think I see it," said Eva. "Look in those clouds!—they look like great gates of pearl; and you can see beyond them—far, far off—it's all gold. Tom, sing about 'spirits bright.'"

Tom sang the words of a well-known hymn—

"I see a band of spirits bright,
That taste the glories there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear."

"Uncle Tom, I've seen *them*," said Eva.

Tom had no doubt of it at all; it did not surprise him in the least. If Eva had told him she had been to heaven, he would have thought it entirely probable.

"They come to me sometimes in my sleep, those spirits;" and Eva's eyes grew dreamy, and she hummed, in a low voice—

"They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear."

"Uncle Tom," said Eva, "I'm going there."

"Where, Miss Eva?"

The child rose, and pointed her little hand to the sky; the glow of evening lit her golden hair and flushed cheek with a kind of unearthly radiance, and her eyes were bent earnestly on the skies.

"I'm going *there*," she said, "to the spirits bright, Tom. *I'm going, before long.*"

The faithful old heart felt a sudden thrust; and Tom thought how often he had noticed,

within six months, that Eva's little hands had grown thinner, and her skin more transparent, and her breath shorter; and how, when she ran or played in the garden, as she once could for hours, she became soon so tired and languid. He had heard Miss Ophelia speak often of a cough, that all her medicaments could not cure; and even now that fervent cheek and little hand were burning with hectic fever; and yet the thought that Eva's words suggested had never come to him till now.

Even so, beloved Eva! fair star of thy dwelling! Thou art passing away; but they that love thee dearest know it not.

The colloquy between Tom and Eva was interrupted by a hasty call from Miss Ophelia.

"Eva—Eva!—why, child, the dew is falling; you mustn't be out there!"

Eva and Tom hastened in.

Miss Ophelia was old and skilled in the art of nursing. She had noted the slight dry cough, the daily brightening cheek; nor could the lustre of the eye, and the airy buoyancy born of fever, deceive her.

She tried to communicate her fears to St. Clare; but he threw back her suggestions with

a restless petulance, unlike his usual careless good humour.

"Don't be croaking, cousin,—I hate it!" he would say; "don't you see that the child is only growing? Children always lose strength when they grow fast."

"But she has that cough!"

"O! nonsense of that cough!—it is not anything. She has taken a little cold, perhaps. Only take care of the child, keep her from the night air, and don't let her play too hard, and she'll do well enough."

So St. Clare said; but he grew nervous and restless. He watched Eva feverishly day by day, as might be told by the frequency with which he repeated over that "the child was quite well"—that there wasn't anything in that cough,—it was only some little stomach affection, such as children often had. But he kept by her more than before, took her oftener to ride with him, brought home every few days some receipt or strengthening mixture,—"not," he said, "that the child *needed* it, but then it would not do her any harm."

Ofttimes St. Clare would feel a sudden thrill, and clasp her in his arms, as if that fond clasp

could save her; and his heart rose up with wild determination to keep her, never to let her go.

The child's whole heart and soul seemed absorbed in works of love and kindness. She still loved to play with Topsy and the various coloured children; but she now seemed rather a spectator than an actor of their plays, and she would sit for half an hour at a time, laughing at the odd tricks of Topsy,—and then a shadow would seem to pass across her face, her eyes grew misty, and her thoughts were afar.

"Mamma," she said, suddenly, to her mother one day, "why don't we teach our servants to read?"

"What a question, child! People never do."

"Why don't they?" said Eva.

"Because it is no use for them to read. It don't help them to work any better, and they are not made for anything else."

"But they ought to read the Bible, mamma, to learn God's will."

"Oh! they can get that read to them all *they* need."

"It seems to me, mamma, the Bible is for every one to read themselves. They need it a great many times when there is nobody to read it."

"Eva, you are an odd child," said her mother.

"Miss Ophelia has taught Topsy to read," continued Eva.

"Yes, and you see how much good it does. Topsy is the worst creature I ever saw!"

"Here's poor mammy!" said Eva. "She does love the Bible so much, and wishes so she could read! And what will she do when I can't read to her?"

Marie was busy turning over the contents of a drawer, as she answered—

"Well, of course, by-and-by, Eva, you will have other things to think of, besides reading the Bible round to servants. Not but that is very proper; I've done it myself, when I had health. But when you come to be dressing and going into company, you won't have time. See here!" she added, "these jewels I'm going to give you when you come out. I wore them to my first ball. I tell you, Eva, I made a sensation."

Eva took the jewel-case, and lifted from it a diamond necklace. Her large, thoughtful eyes rested on them, but it was plain her thoughts were elsewhere.

"How sober you look, child!" said Marie.

"Are these worth a great deal of money, mamma?"

"To be sure they are. Father sent to France for them. They are worth a small fortune.

"I wish I had them," said Eva, "to do what I pleased with!"

"What would you do with them?"

"I'd sell them, and buy a place in the free States, and take all our people there, and hire teachers, to teach them to read and write."

Eva was cut short by her mother's laughing.

"Set up a boarding-school! Wouldn't you teach them to play on the piano, and paint on velvet?"

"I'd teach them to read their own Bible, and write their own letters, and read letters that are written to them," said Eva, steadily. "I know, mamma, it does come very hard on them, that they can't do these things. Tom feels it—mammy does—a great many of them do. I think it's wrong."

"Come, come, Eva; you are only a child! You don't know anything about these things," said Marie; "besides, your talking makes my head ache."

Marie always had a headache on hand for

any conversation that did not exactly suit her.

Eva stole away; but after that, she assiduously gave mammy reading lessons.

CHAPTER XII.

HENRIQUE.

About this time, St. Clare's brother Alfred, with his eldest son, a boy of twelve, spent a day or two with the family at the lake.

Henrique, the eldest son of Alfred, was a noble, dark-eyed, princely boy, full of vivacity and spirit; and, from the first moment of introduction, seemed to be perfectly fascinated by his cousin Evangeline.

Eva had a little pet pony, of a snowy whiteness. It was easy as a cradle, and as gentle as its little mistress; and this pony was now brought up to the back verandah by Tom, while a little mulatto boy, of about thirteen, led along a small

black Arabian, which had just been imported, at a great expense, for Henrique.

Henrique had a boy's pride in his new possession; and as he advanced and took the reins out of the hands of his little groom, he looked carefully over him, and his brow darkened.

"What's this, Dodo, you little lazy dog? you haven't rubbed my horse down this morning."

"Yes, mas'r," said Dodo, submissively; "he got that dust on his own self."

"You rascal, shut your mouth!" said Henrique, violently raising his riding-whip. "How dare you speak?"

The boy was a handsome, bright-eyed mulatto, of just Henrique's size, and his curling hair hung round a high, bold forehead. He had white blood in his veins, as could be seen by the quick flush in his cheek, and the sparkle of his eye, as he eagerly tried to speak.

"Mas'r Henrique!—" he began.

Henrique struck him across the face with his riding-whip, and, seizing one of his arms, forced him on to his knees, and beat him till he was out of breath.

"There, you impudent dog! Now will you learn not to answer back when I speak to you?

Take the horse back, and clean him properly. I'll teach you your place!"

"Young mas'r," said Tom, "I 'specs what he was gwine to say was, that the horse would roll when he was bringing him up from the stable; he's so full of spirits,—that's the way he got that dirt on him; I looked to his cleaning."

"You hold your tongue till you're asked to speak!" said Henrique, turning on his heel, and walking up the steps to speak to Eva, who stood in her riding-dress.

"Dear cousin, I'm sorry this stupid fellow has kept you waiting," he said. "Let's sit down here on this seat till they come. What's the matter, cousin?—you look sober."

"How could you be so cruel and wicked to poor Dodo?" said Eva.

"Cruel—wicked!" said the boy, with unaffected surprise. "What do you mean, dear Eva?"

"I don't want you to call me dear Eva, when you do so," said Eva.

"Dear cousin, you don't know Dodo; it's the only way to manage him, he's so full of lies and excuses. The only way is to put him down at once,—not let him open his mouth; that's the way papa manages."

"But Uncle Tom said it was an accident, and he never tells what isn't true."

"He's an uncommon old nigger then!" said Henrique. "Dodo will lie as fast as he can speak."

"You frighten him into deceiving, if you treat him so."

"Why, Eva, you've really taken such a fancy to Dodo, that I shall be jealous."

"But you beat him,—and he didn't deserve it."

"Oh, well, it may go for some time when he does, and don't get it. A few cuts never come amiss with Dodo,—he's a regular spirit, I can tell you; but I won't beat him again before you, if it troubles you."

Eva was not satisfied, but found it in vain to try to make her handsome cousin understand her feelings.

Dodo soon appeared with the horses.

"Well, Dodo, you've done pretty well this time," said his young master, with a most gracious air. "Come now, and hold Miss Eva's horse, while I put her on to the saddle."

Dodo came and stood by Eva's pony. His face was troubled: his eyes looked as if he had been crying.

Henrique, who valued himself on his gentlemanly adroitness in all matters of gallantry, soon had his fair cousin in the saddle, and, gathering the reins, placed them in her hands.

But Eva bent to the other side of the horse, where Dodo was standing, and said, as he relinquished the reins—"That's a good boy, Dodo;—thank you!"

Dodo looked up in amazement into the sweet young face; the blood rushed to his cheeks, and the tears to his eyes.

"Here, Dodo," said his master, imperiously.

Dodo sprang and held the horse, while his master mounted.

"There's a picayune for you to buy candy with, Dodo," said Henrique; "go get some."

And Henrique cantered down the walk after Eva. Dodo stood looking after the two children. One had given him money; and one had given him what he wanted far more—a kind word, kindly spoken. Dodo had been only a few months away from his mother. His master had bought him at a slave warehouse, for his handsome face, to be a match to the handsome pony; and he was now getting his breaking in, at the hands of his young master.

The scene of the beating had been witnessed by the two brothers St. Clare, from another part of the garden. "I suppose you consider this an instructive practice for Henrique," said Augustine, drily.

"I couldn't help it, if I didn't. Henrique is a regular little tempest;—his mother and I have given him up, long ago. But, then, that Dodo is a perfect sprite,—no amount of whipping can hurt him."

"The proverb says, 'They that cannot govern themselves cannot govern others,'" said St. Clare, gravely.

"Eva, darling! you're not much tired?" said St. Clare, as he clasped her in his arms on her return, from her ride.

"No, papa," said the child; but her short, hard breathing alarmed her father.

"How could you ride so fast, dear?—you know it's bad for you."

"I felt so well, papa, and liked it so much, I forgot."

St. Clare carried her in his arms into the parlour, and laid her on the sofa.

"Henrique, you must be careful of Eva," said he; "you mustn't ride fast with her."

"I'll take her under my care," said Henrique, seating himself by the sofa, and taking Eva's hand.

Eva soon found herself much better. Her father and uncle resumed their game, and the children were left together.

"Do you know, Eva, I'm so sorry papa is only going to stay two days here, and then I shan't see you again for ever so long! If I stay with you, I'd try to be good, and not be cross to Dodo, and so on. I don't mean to treat Dodo ill; but, you know, I've got such a quick temper. I'm not really bad to him, though; I give him a picayune now and then, and you see he dresses well. I think, on the whole, Dodo's pretty well off."

"Would you think you were well off, if there were not one creature in the world near you to love you?"

"I? Well, of course not."

"And you have taken Dodo away from all the friends he ever had, and now he has not a creature to love him;—nobody can be good that way."

"Well, I can't help it, as I know of. I can't get his mother, and I can't love him myself, nor anybody else, as I know of."

"Why can't you?" said Eva.

"*Love* Dodo! Why, Eva, you wouldn't have me! I may *like* him well enough; but you don't *love* your servants."

"I do, indeed."

"How odd!"

"Don't the Bible say we must love everybody?"

Her eyes were fixed and thoughtful for a few moments.

"At any rate," she said, "dear cousin, do love poor Dodo, and be kind to him, for my sake!"

CHAPTER XIII.

FORESHADOWINGS.

Two days after this, Alfred St. Clare and Augustine parted; and Eva, who had been stimulated by the society of her young cousin to exertions beyond her strength, began to fail rapidly. St. Clare was at last willing to call in

medical advice,—a thing from which he had always shrunk, because it was the admission of an unwelcome truth.

But, for a day or two, Eva was so unwell as to be confined to the house; and the doctor was called.

Marie St. Clare had taken no notice of the child's gradually decaying health and strength, because it was the first principle of her belief that nobody ever was or could be so great a sufferer as *herself;* and, therefore, she always repelled quite indignantly any suggestion that any one round her could be sick. She was always sure, in such a case that it was nothing but laziness, or want of energy; and that, if they had had the suffering *she* had, they would soon know the difference.

Miss Ophelia had several times tried to awaken her maternal fears about Eva, but to no avail.

"I don't see as anything ails the child," she would say; "she runs about and plays."

"But she has a cough."

"Cough! you don't need to tell *me* about a cough. I've always been subject to a cough, all my days. When I was of Eva's age, they thought I was in a consumption. Night after night,

mammy used to sit up with me. Oh! Eva's cough is not anything."

"But she gets weak, and is short-breathed."

"Law! I've had that years and years; it's only a nervous affection."

"But she sweats so, nights!"

"Well, I have, these ten years. Very often, night after night, my clothes will be wringing wet; there won't be a dry thread in my night-clothes, and the sheets will be so that mammy has to hang them up to dry! Eva doesn't sweat anything like that!"

Miss Ophelia shut her mouth for a season. But, now that Eva was fairly and visibly prostrated, and a doctor called, Marie, all on a sudden, took a new turn.

"She knew it," she said; "she always felt it, that she was destined to be the most miserable of mothers. Here she was, with her wretched health, and her only darling child going down to the grave before her eyes;—and Marie routed up mammy nights, and rumpussed and scolded with more energy than ever, all day, on the strength of this new misery.

As for the child, though nursed so tenderly, and though life was unfolding before her with

every brightness that love and wealth could give, she had no regret for herself in dying.

In that book which she and her simple old friend had read so much together, she had seen and taken to her young heart the image of One who loved the little child; and, as she gazed and mused, He had ceased to be an image and a picture of the distant past, and come to be a living all-surrounding reality. His love enfolded her childish heart with more than mortal tenderness; and it was to Him, she said, she was going, and to his home.

But her heart yearned with sad tenderness for all that she was to leave behind. Her father most; for Eva, though she never distinctly thought so, had an instinctive perception that she was more in his heart than any other.

She felt, too, for those fond, faithful servants, to whom she was as daylight and sunshine. She had vague longings to do something for them,—to bless and save not only them, but all in their condition,—longings that contrasted sadly with the feebleness of her little frame.

"Uncle Tom," she said, one day, when she was reading to her friend, "I can understand why Jesus *wanted* to die for us."

"Why, Miss Eva?"

"Because I've felt so, too."

"What is it, Miss Eva?—I don't understand."

"I can't tell you; but, when I saw those poor creatures on the boat, you know, when you came up and I,—some had lost their mothers, and some their husbands, and some mothers cried for their little children,—and when I heard about poor Prue,—oh, wasn't that dreadful!—and a great many other times, I've felt that I would be glad to die, if my dying could stop all this misery. I *would die* for them, Tom, if I could," said the child, earnestly, laying her little thin hand on his.

Tom looked at the child with awe; and when she, hearing her father's voice, glided away, he wiped his eyes many times, as he looked after her.

"It's jest no use tryin' to keep Miss Eva here," said he to mammy, whom he met a moment after. She's got the Lord's mark in her forehead.

"Ah, yes, yes," said mammy, raising her hands; "I've allers said so. She wasn't never like a child that's to live—there allers something deep in her eyes. I've told missis so, many the

time; it's a comin' true,—we all sees it,—dear, little, blessed lamb!"

Eva came tripping up the verandah steps to her father. It was late in the afternoon, and the rays of the sun formed a kind of glory behind her, as she came forward in her white dress, with her golden hair and glowing cheeks, her eyes unnaturally bright with the slow fever that burned in her veins.

St. Clare had called her to show her a statuette that he had been buying for her; but her appearance, as she came on, impressed him suddenly and painfully. There is a kind of beauty, so intense, yet so fragile, that we cannot bear to look at it. Her father folded her suddenly in his arms, and almost forgot what he was going to tell her.

"Eva, dear, you are better now-a-days,—are you not?"

"Papa, said Eva, with sudden firmness, "I've had things I wanted to say to you a great while. I want to say them now, before I get weaker."

St. Clare trembled as Eva seated herself in his lap. She laid her head on his bosom, and said—

"It's all no use, papa, to keep it to myself any longer. The time is coming when I am going to leave you. I am going, and never to come back!" and Eva sobbed.

"O, now, my dear little Eva!" said St. Clare, trembling as he spoke, but speaking cheerfully, "you've got nervous and low-spirited; you mustn't indulge such gloomy thoughts. See here, I've bought a statuette for you!"

"No, papa," said Eva, putting it gently away, "don't deceive yourself!—I am *not* any better, I know perfectly well,—and I am going, before long. I am not nervous,—I am not low-spirited. If it were not for you, papa, and my friends, I should be perfectly happy. I want to go,—I long to go!"

"Why, dear child, what has made your poor little heart so sad! You have had everything, to make you happy, that could be given you."

"I had rather be in heaven; though, only for my friends' sake, I would be willing to live. There are a great many things here that make me sad, that seem dreadful to me; I had rather be there; but I don't want to leave you,—it almost breaks my heart!"

"What makes you sad, and seems dreadful, *Eva?*"

"O, things that are done, and done all the time. I feel sad for our poor people; they love me dearly, and they are all good and kind to me. I wish, papa, they were all *free*."

"Why, Eva, child, don't you think they are well enough off, now?"

"O, but, papa, if anything should happen you, what will become of them? There are few men like you, papa. Uncle Alfred isn't like you, and mamma isn't; and then, think of poor old Prue's owners! What horrid things people do, and can do!" and Eva shuddered.

"My dear child, you are too sensitive. I'm sorry I ever let you hear such stories."

"O, that's what troubles me, papa. You want me to live so happy, and never to have any pain,—never suffer anything,—not even hear a sad story, when other poor creatures have nothing but pain and sorrow all their lives;—it seems selfish. I ought to know such things, I ought to feel about them! Such things always sunk into my heart; they went down deep; I've thought and thought about them. Papa, isn't there any way to have all slaves made free?"

"That's a difficult question, dearest. There's no doubt that this way is a very bad one; a great

many people think so; I do myself. I heartily wish that there was not a slave in the land; but, then, I don't know what is to be done about it!"

"Papa, you are such a good man, and so noble, and kind, and you always have a way of saying things that's so pleasant, couldn't you go all round and try and persuade people to do right about this? When I am dead, papa, then you will think of me, and do it for my sake. I would do it, if I could."

"When you are dead, Eva," said St. Clare, passionately. "O child, don't talk to me so! You are all I have on earth."

"Poor old Prue's child was all that she had,—and yet she had to hear it crying, and she couldn't help it? Papa, these poor creatures love their children as much as you do me. O! do something for them! There's poor mammy loves her children; I've seen her cry when she talked about them. And Tom loves his children; and it's dreadful, papa, that such things are happening all the time!"

"There, there, darling," said St. Clare, soothingly; only don't distress yourself, don't talk of dying, and I will do anything you wish."

"And promise me, dear father, that Tom shall have his freedom as soon as"—she stopped and said, in a hesitating tone—"I am gone."

"Yes, my dear, I will do anything in the world,—anything you could ask me to."

"Dear papa," said the child, laying her burning cheek against his, "how I wish we could go together!"

"Where, dearest?" said St. Clare.

"To our Saviour's home; it's so sweet and peaceful there—it is all so loving there!" The child spoke unconsciously, as of a place where she had often been. "Don't you want to go, papa?" she said.

St. Clare drew her closer to him, but was silent.

"You will come to me," said the child, speaking in a voice of calm certainty which she often used unconsciously.

"I shall come after you. I shall not forget you."

The shadows of the solemn evening closed round them deeper and deeper, as St. Clare sat silently holding the little frail form to his bosom. He saw no more the deep eyes, but the voice came over him as a spirit voice; and, as it grew darker,

he took his child to her bed-room; and, when she was prepared for rest, he sent away the attendants, and rocked her in his arms, and sung to her till she was asleep.

CHAPTER XIV.

EVA AND TOPSY.

It was Sunday afternoon. St. Clare was stretched on a bamboo lounge in the verandah, and Marie lay reclined on a sofa, opposite the window opening on the verandah, closely secluded, under an awning of transparent gauze, from the outrages of the mosquitos, when a carriage drove up before the verandah, and Eva and Miss Ophelia alighted.

Miss Ophelia marched straight to her own chamber, to put away her bonnet and shawl, as was always her manner, before she spoke a word on any subject; while Eva came, at St. Clare's call, and was sitting on his knee, giving him an account of the services they had heard.

They soon heard loud exclamations from Miss Ophelia's room, which, like the one in which they were sitting, opened on the verandah, and violent reproof addressed to somebody.

"What new witchcraft has Tops been brewing?" asked St. Clare. "That commotion is of her raising, I'll be bound."

And, in a moment after, Miss Ophelia, in high indignation, came dragging the culprit along.

"Come out here now!" she said. "I *will* tell your master!"

"What's the case, now?" asked Augustine.

"The case is, that I cannot be plagued with this child any longer! It's past all bearing; flesh and blood cannot endure it! Here, I locked her up, and gave her a hymn to study; and what does she do, but spy out where I put my key, and has gone to my bureau, and got a bonnet-trimming, and cut it all to pieces, to make doll's jackets! I never saw anything like it in my life."

"I told you, cousin," said Marie, "that you'd find out that these creatures can't be brought up without severity. If I had *my* way, now," she said, looking reproachfully at St. Clare, "I'd send that child out, and have her thoroughly

whipped; I'd have her whipped till she couldn't stand!"

"I wouldn't have the child treated so, for the world," Miss Ophelia said; "but, I am sure, Augustine, I don't know what to do. I've taught and taught; I've talked till I'm tired; I've whipped her; I've punished her in every way I can think of, and still she's just what she was at first."

"Come here, Tops, you monkey!" said St. Clare, calling the child up to him.

Topsy came up; her round, hard eyes glittering and blinking with a mixture of apprehensiveness and their usual odd drollery.

"What makes you behave so?" said St. Clare, who could not help being amused with the child's expression.

"'Spects it's my wicked heart," said Topsy demurely; "Miss Feely says so."

"Don't you see how Miss Ophelia has done for you? She says she has done everything she can think of."

"Lor, yes, mas'r, old missis used to say so, too. She whipped me a heap harder, and used to pull my har, and knock my head ag'in the door; but it didn't do me no good! I 'specks, if they's to

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Eva and Topsy.—P. 129.

pull every spear o' har out o' my head, it wouldn't do no good, neither—I's so wicked! Laws! I's nothin' but a nigger, no ways!"

"Well, I shall have to give her up," said Miss Ophelia; "I can't have that trouble any longer."

Eva, who had stood a silent spectator of the scene thus far, now made a silent sign to Topsy to follow her. There was a little glass-room at the corner of the verandah, which St. Clare used as a sort of reading-room; and Eva and Topsy disappeared into this place.

"What's Eva going about now?" said St. Clare; "I mean to see."

And, advancing on tip-toe, he lifted up a curtain that covered the glass-door, and looked in. In a moment, laying his finger on his lips, he made a silent gesture to Miss Ophelia to come and look. There sat the two children on the floor with their side faces towards them. Topsy, with her usual air of careless drollery and unconcern; but, opposite to her, Eva, her whole face fervent with feeling, and tears in her large eyes.

"What does make you so bad, Topsy? Why won't you try and be good? Don't you love *anybody*, Topsy?"

"Don'no nothing 'bout love; I loves candy and sich, that's all," said Topsy.

"But you love your father and mother?"

"Never had none, ye know. I telled ye that, Miss Eva."

"O, I know," said Eva, sadly; "but hadn't you any brother, or sister, or aunt, or"——

"No, none on 'em,—never had nothing nor nobody."

"But, Topsy, if you'd only try to be good, you might"——

"Couldn't never be nothin' but a nigger, if I was ever so good," said Topsy. "If I could be skinned, and come white, I'd try then."

"But people can love you, if you are black, Topsy. Miss Ophelia would love you, if you were good."

Topsy gave the short, blunt laugh that was her common mode of expressing incredulity.

"Don't you think so?" said Eva.

"No; she can't bar me, 'cause I'm a nigger!—she'd 's soon have a toad touch her! There can't nobody love niggers, and niggers can't do nothin'! *I* don't care," said Topsy, beginning to whistle.

"O, Topsy, poor child, I love you!" said Eva, with a sudden burst of feeling, and laying her

little thin white hand on Topsy's shoulder; "I love you, because you haven't had any father, or mother, or friends; because you've been a poor abused child! I love you, and I want you to be good. I am very unwell, Topsy, and I think I shan't live a great while; and it really grieves me to have you be so naughty. I wish you would try to be good, for my sake; it's only a little while I shall be with you."

The round keen eyes of the black child were overcast with tears;—large bright drops rolled heavily down, one by one, and fell on the little white hand. Yes, in that moment, a ray of real belief, a ray of heavenly love, had penetrated the darkness of her heathen soul! She laid her head down between her knees, and wept and sobbed,—while the beautiful child, bending over her, looked like the picture of some bright angel stooping to reclaim a sinner.

"Poor Topsy!" said Eva, "don't you know that Jesus loves all alike? He is just as willing to love you as me. He loves you just as I do,—only more, because He is better. He will help you to be good; and you can go to heaven at last, and be an angel for ever, just as much as if you were white. Only think of it, Topsy!—you

can be one of those spirits bright, Uncle Tom sings about."

"O, dear Miss Eva, dear Miss Eva!" said the child; "I will try, I will try; I never did care nothin' about it before."

St. Clare, at this instant, dropped the curtain. "It puts me in mind of mother," he said to Miss Ophelia. "It is true what she told me; if we want to give sight to the blind, we must be willing to do as Christ did,—call them to us, and *put our hands on them.*"

CHAPTER XV.

EVA'S FAREWELL.

EVA'S bed-room was a spacious apartment, which, like all the other rooms in the house, opened on to the broad verandah. St. Clare had gratified his own eye and taste in furnishing this room in a style that had a peculiar keeping with the character of her for whom it was intended. Those little eyes never opened, in the morning light,

without falling on something which suggested to the heart soothing and beautiful thoughts.

The deceitful strength which had buoyed Eva up for a little while was fast passing away; seldom and more seldom her light footstep was heard in the verandah, and oftener and oftener she was found reclined on a little lounge by the open window, her large deep eyes fixed on the rising and falling waters of the lake.

It was towards the middle of the afternoon, as she was so reclining,—her Bible half open, her little transparent fingers lying listlessly between the leaves,—suddenly she heard her mother's voice, in sharp tones, in the verandah.

"What now, you baggage!—what new piece of mischief! You've been picking the flowers, hey?" and Eva heard the sound of a smart slap.

"Law, missis!—they's for Miss Eva," she heard a voice say, which she knew belonged to Topsy.

"Miss Eva! A pretty excuse!—you suppose she wants *your* flowers, you good-for-nothing nigger! Get along off with you!"

In a moment Eva was off from her lounge, and in the verandah.

"O, don't mother! I should like the flowers; do give them to me; I want them!"

"Why, Eva, your room is full now."

"I can't have too many," said Eva. "Topsy, do bring them here."

Topsy, who had stood sullenly, holding down her head, now came up and offered her flowers. She did it with a look of hesitation and bashfulness, quite unlike the eldrich boldness and brightness which was usual with her.

"It's a beautiful bouquet!" said Eva, looking at it.

It was rather a singular one,—a brilliant scarlet geranium, and one single white japonica, with its glossy leaves. It was tied up with an evident eye to the contrast of colour, and the arrangement of every leaf had carefully been studied.

Topsy looked pleased, as Eva said—"Topsy, you arrange flowers very prettily. Here," she said, "is this vase I haven't any flowers for. I wish you'd arrange something every day for it."

"Well, that's odd!" said Marie. "What in the world do you want that for?"

"Never mind, mamma; you'd as lief as not Topsy should do it,—had you not?"

"Of course, anything you please, dear! Topsy,

you hear your young mistress;—see that you mind."

Topsy made a short courtsey, and looked down; and, as she turned away, Eva saw a tear roll down her dark cheek.

"You see, mamma, I knew poor Topsy wanted to do something for me," said Eva to her mother.

"O, nonsense! it's only because she likes to do mischief. She knows she mustn't pick flowers,—so she does it; that's all there is to it. But, if you fancy to have her pluck them, so be it."

"Mamma, I think Topsy is different from what she used to be; she's trying to be a good girl."

"She'll have to try a good while before *she* gets to be good," said Marie, with a careless laugh.

"Well, you know, mamma, poor Topsy! everything has always been against her."

"Not since she's been here, I'm sure. If she hasn't been talked to, and preached to, and every earthly thing done that anybody could do."

"But, mamma, it's so different to be brought up as I've been, with so many friends, so many things to make me good and happy; and to be brought up as she's been, all the time, till she came here!"

"Most likely," said Marie, yawning.

"It's such a pity,—oh! *such* a pity!" said Eva, looking out on the distant lake, and speaking half to herself.

"What's a pity?" said Marie.

"Why, that any one, who could be a bright angel, and live with angels, should go all down, down, down, and nobody help them!—oh, dear!"

"Well, we can't help it; it's no use worrying, Eva!"

"Mamma," said Eva, "I want to have some of my hair cut off,—a good deal of it."

"What for?" said Marie.

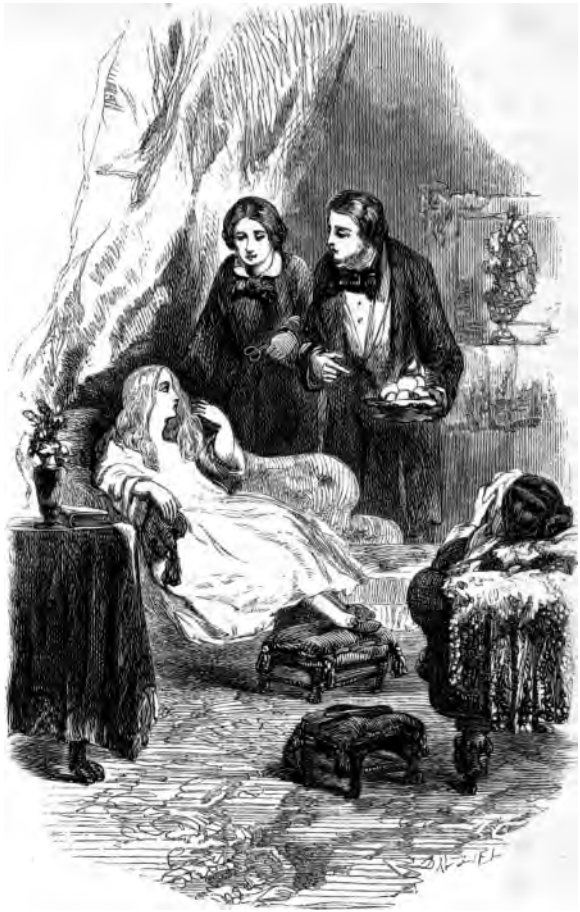
"Mamma, I want to give some away to my friends, while I am able to give it to them myself. Won't you ask aunty to come and cut it for me?"

Marie raised her voice, and called Miss Ophelia from the other room.

The child half rose from her pillow as she came in, and, shaking down her long golden-brown curls, said, rather playfully, "Come, Aunty, shear the sheep!"

"What's that?" said St. Clare, who just then entered with some fruit he had been out to get for her.

"Papa, I just want aunty to cut off some of my



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hair;—there's too much of it, and it makes my head hot. Besides, I want to give some of it away."

Miss Ophelia came with her scissors.

"Take care,—don't spoil the looks of it!" said her father; "cut underneath where it won't show. Eva's curls are my pride."

"O, Papa!" said Eva, sadly.

"Yes, and I want them kept handsome against the time I take you up to your uncle's plantation, to see Cousin Henrique," said St. Clare, in a gay tone.

"I shall never go there, Papa;—I am going to a better country. O, do believe me! Don't you see, Papa, that I get weaker every day?"

"Why do you insist that I shall believe such a cruel thing, Eva?" said her father.

"Only because it is *true*, Papa: and, if you will believe it now, perhaps you will get to feel about it as I do."

St. Clare closed his lips, and stood gloomily eyeing the long beautiful curls, which, as they were separated from the child's head, were laid one by one in her lap. She raised them up, looked earnestly at them, twined them around her

thin fingers, and looked, from time to time, anxiously at her father.

"Papa, my strength fades away every day, and I know I must go. There are some things I want to say and do,—that I ought to do; and you are so unwilling to have me speak a word on this subject. But it must come; there's no putting it off. Do be willing I should speak now!"

"My child, I *am* willing!" said St. Clare, covering his eyes with one hand, and holding up Eva's hand with the other.

"Then, I want to see all our people together; I have some things I *must* say to them," said Eva.

"*Well*," said St. Clare, in a tone of dry endurance.

Miss Ophelia despatched a messenger, and soon the whole of the servants were convened in the room.

Eva lay back on her pillows; her hair hanging loosely about her face, her crimson cheeks contrasting painfully with the intense whiteness of her complexion, and the thin contour of her limbs and features, and her large soul-like eyes fixed earnestly on every one.

The servants were struck with a sudden emotion. The spiritual face, the long locks of hair cut off and lying by her, her father's averted face, and Marie's sobs, struck at once upon the feelings of a sensitive and impressible race; and, as they came in, they looked one on another, sighed, and shook their heads. There was a deep silence, like that of a funeral.

Eva raised herself, and looked long and earnestly round at every one. All looked sad and apprehensive. Many of the women hid their faces in their aprons.

"I sent for you all, my dear friends," said Eva, "because I love you. I love you all; and I have something to say to you, which I want you always to remember. . . . . I am going to leave you. In a few more weeks, you will see me no more"—

Here the child was interrupted by bursts of groans, sobs, and lamentations, which broke from all present, and in which her slender voice was lost entirely. She waited a moment, and then, speaking in a tone that checked the sobs of all, she said—

"If you love me, you must not interrupt me so. Listen to what I say. I want to speak to you about your souls. . . . . Many of you, I am

afraid, are very careless. You are thinking only about this world. I want you to remember that there is a beautiful world, where Jesus is. I am going there, and you can go there. It is for you as much as me. But, if you want to go there, you must not live idle, careless, thoughtless lives. You must be Christians. You must remember that each one of you can become angels, and be angels for ever. . . . . If you want to be Christians, Jesus will help you. You must pray to him; you must read"—

The child checked herself, looked piteously at them, and said sorrowfully—

"O, dear! you *can't* read,—poor souls!" and she hid her face in the pillow and sobbed, while many a smothered sob from those she was addressing, who were kneeling on the floor, aroused her.

"Never mind," she said, raising her face, and smiling brightly through her tears, "I have prayed for you; and I know Jesus will help you, even if you can't read. Try all to do the best you can; pray every day; ask Him to help you, and get the Bible read to you whenever you can; and I think I shall see you all in heaven."

"Amen," was the murmured response from the

lips of Tom and Mammy, and some of the elder ones, who belonged to the church. The younger and more thoughtless ones, for the time completely overcome, were sobbing, with their heads bowed upon their knees.

"I know," said Eva, "you all love me."

"Yes; oh, yes! indeed we do! Lord bless her!" was the involuntary answer of all.

"Yes, I know you do! There isn't one of you that hasn't always been very kind to me; and I want to give you something that, when you look at, you shall always remember me. I'm going to give all of you a curl of my hair; and, when you look at it, think that I loved you and am gone to heaven, and that I want to see you all there."

As each one took their gift, Miss Ophelia, who was apprehensive for the effect of all this excitement on her little patient, signed to each one to pass out of the apartment.

At last all were gone but Tom and Mammy.

"Here, Uncle Tom," said Eva, "is a beautiful one for you. O, I am so happy, Uncle Tom, to think I shall see you in heaven—for I'm sure I shall; and Mammy—dear, good, kind Mammy!" she said, fondly throwing her arms round her old nurse—"I know you'll be there too."

"O, Miss Eva, don't see how I can live without ye, no how!" said the faithful creature. "'Pears like it's just taking everything off the place to oncet!" and Mammy gave way to a passion of grief.

Miss Ophelia pushed her and Tom gently from the apartment, and thought they were all gone; but, as she turned, Topsy was standing there.

"Where did you start up from?" she said, suddenly.

"I was here," said Topsy, wiping the tears from her eyes. "O, Miss Eva, I've been a bad girl; but won't you give *me* one too?"

"Yes, poor Topsy! to be sure I will. There—every time you look at that, think that I love you, and wanted you to be a good girl!"

"O, Miss Eva, I *is* tryin'!" said Topsy earnestly; "but, Lor, it's so hard to be good! 'Pears like I an't used to it, no ways!"

"Jesus knows it, Topsy; He is sorry for you; He will help you."

Topsy, with her eyes hid in her apron, was silently passed from the apartment by Miss Ophelia; but, as she went, she hid the precious curl in her bosom.

"You didn't give me a curl, Eva," said her father, smiling sadly.

"They are all yours, Papa," said she, smiling —"yours and mamma's; and you must give dear aunty as many as she wants. I only give them to our poor people myself, because you know, Papa, they might be forgotten when I am gone."

CHAPTER XVI.

DEATH.

Eva, after this, declined rapidly; there was no more any doubt of the event; the fondest hope could not be blinded. Her beautiful room was avowedly a sick room; and Miss Ophelia day and night performed the duties of a nurse.

Uncle Tom, too, was much in Eva's room. The child suffered much from nervous restlessness, and it was a relief to her to be carried; and it was Tom's greatest delight to carry her little frail form in his arms, resting on a pillow, now up and

down her room, now out into the verandah; and when the fresh sea-breezes blew from the lake—and the child felt freshest in the morning—he would sometimes walk with her under the orange-trees in the garden, or sitting down in some of their old seats, sing to her their favourite old hymns.

Her father often did the same thing; but his frame was slighter, and when he was weary, Eva would say to him—

"O, Papa, let Tom take me. Poor fellow! it pleases him; and you know it's all he can do now, and he wants to do something!"

"So do I, Eva!" said her father.

"Well, Papa, you can do everything, and are everything to me. You read to me—you sit up nights—and Tom has only this one thing, and his singing; and I know, too, that he does it easier than you can. He carries me so strong!"

The desire to do something was not confined to Tom. Every servant in the establishment showed the same feeling, and in their way did what they could.

Poor Mammy's heart yearned towards her darling; but she found no opportunity, night or day, as Marie declared that the state of her mind

was such, it was impossible for her to rest; and, of course, it was against her principles to let any one else rest.

The friend who knew most of Eva's own imaginings and foreshadowings, was her faithful bearer, Tom. To him she said what she would not disturb her father by saying. To him she imparted those mysterious intimations which the soul feels as the cords begin to unbind, ere it leaves its clay for ever.

Tom, at last, would not sleep in his room, but lay all night in the outer verandah, ready to rouse at every call.

"Uncle Tom, what alive have you taken to sleeping anywhere and everywhere, like a dog, for?" said Miss Ophelia. "I thought you was one of the orderly sort, that liked to lie in bed in a Christian way."

"I do, Miss Feely," said Tom, mysteriously. "I do, but now"—

"Well, what now?"

"We mustn't speak loud; Mas'r St. Clare won't hear on't: but Miss Feely, you know there must be somebody watching for the bridegroom."

"What do you mean, Tom?"

"You know it says in Scripture, 'At midnight

there was a great cry made. Behold, the bridegroom cometh.' That's what I'm 'spectin' now, every night, Miss Feely,—and I couldn't sleep out o' hearin', no ways."

"Why, Uncle Tom, what makes you think so?"

"Miss Eva, she talks to me. The Lord, He sends his Messenger in the soul. I must be thar, Miss Feely; for when that ar blessed child goes into the kingdom, they'll open the door so wide, we'll all get a look in at the glory, Miss Feely."

"Uncle Tom, did Miss Eva say she felt more unwell than usual to-night?"

"No; but she telled me, this morning, she was coming nearer,—thar's them that tells it to the child, Miss Feely. It's the angels—'it's the trumpet sound afore the break o' day,'" said Tom, quoting from a favourite hymn.

This dialogue passed between Miss Ophelia and Tom, between ten and eleven, one evening after her arrangements had all been made for the night, when, on going to bolt her outer door, she found Tom stretched along by it, in the outer verandah.

Eva had been unusually bright and cheerful that afternoon, and had sat raised in her bed, and

looked over all her little trinkets and precious things, and designated the friends to whom she would have them given; and her manner was more animated and her voice more natural than they had known it for weeks. Her father had been in in the evening, and had said that Eva appeared more like her former self than ever she had done since her sickness; and when he kissed her for the night, he said to Miss Ophelia—"Cousin, we may keep her with us, after all; she is certainly better;" and he had retired with a lighter heart in his bosom than he had had there for weeks.

But at midnight—strange mystic hour!—when the veil between the frail present and the eternal future grows thin—then came the messenger!

There was a sound in that chamber, first of one who stepped quickly. It was Miss Ophelia, who had resolved to sit up all night with her little charge, and who, at the turn of the night, had discerned what experienced nurses significantly call "a change." The outer door was quickly opened, and Tom, who was watching outside, was on the alert in a moment.

"Go for the doctor, Tom! lose not a moment."

said Miss Ophelia; and, stepping across the room, she rapped at St. Clare's door.

"Cousin," she said, "I wish you would come."

Those words fell on his heart like clods upon a coffin. Why did they? He was up and in the room in an instant, and bending over Eva, who still slept.

What was it he saw that made his heart stand still? Why was no word spoken between the two? Thou canst say, who hast seen that same expression on the face dearest to thee;—that look, indescribable, hopeless, unmistakeable, that says to thee that thy beloved is no longer thine.

On the face of the child, however, there was no ghastly imprint,—only a high and almost sublime expression,—the overshadowing presence of spiritual natures, the dawning of immortal life in that childish soul.

They stood there so still, gazing upon her, that even the ticking of the watch seemed too loud. In a few moments Tom returned with the doctor. He entered, gave one look, and stood silent as the rest.

"When did this change take place?" said he, in a low whisper, to Miss Ophelia.

"About the turn of the night," was the reply.

Marie, roused by the entrance of the doctor, appeared, hurriedly, from the next room.

"Augustine! Cousin!—oh!—what!" she hurriedly began.

"Hush!" said St. Clare, hoarsely; "*she is dying!*"

Mammy heard the words, and flew to awaken the servants. The house was soon roused—lights were seen, footsteps heard, anxious faces thronged the verandah, and looked tearfully through the glass doors; but St. Clare heard and said nothing,—he saw only *that look* on the face of the little sleeper.

"O, if she would only wake, and speak once more!" he said; and, stooping over her, he spoke in her ear—"Eva, darling!"

The large blue eyes unclosed,—a smile passed over her face;—she tried to raise her head and to speak.

"Do you know me, Eva?"

"Dear Papa," said the child, with a last effort, throwing her arms about his neck. In a moment they dropped again, and, as St. Clare raised his head, he saw a spasm of mortal agony pass over the face,—she struggled for breath, and threw up her little hands.

"O, God, this is dreadful!" he said, turning away in agony, and wringing Tom's hand, scarce conscious what he was doing. "O, Tom, my boy, it is killing me!"

Tom had his master's hand between his own; and, with tears streaming down his dark cheeks, looked up for help where he had always been used to look.

"Pray that this may be cut short!" said St. Clare,—"this wrings my heart."

"O, bless the Lord! it's over,—it's over, dear Master!" said Tom; "look at her."

The child lay panting on her pillows, as one exhausted,—the large clear eyes rolled up and fixed. Ah, what said those eyes, that spoke so much of heaven? Earth was past, and earthly pain; but so solemn, so mysterious was the triumphant brightness of that face, that it checked even the sobs of sorrow. They pressed around her in breathless sillness.

"Eva," said St. Clare, gently.

She did not hear.

"O, Eva, tell us what you see! What is it?" said her father.

A bright, a glorious smile passed over her face, and she said, brokenly—"O! love—joy—

peace!" gave one sigh, and passed from death unto life!

Farewell, beloved child! the bright, eternal doors have closed after thee; we shall see thy sweet face no more. O, woe for them who watched thy entrance into heaven, when they shall wake and find only the cold grey sky of daily life, and thou gone for ever!

CHAPTER XVII.

"THIS IS THE LAST OF EARTH."—*John Q. Adams.*

REUNION.

THE statuettes and pictures in Eva's room were shrouded in white napkins, and only hushed breathings and muffled foot-falls were heard there, and the light stole in solemnly through windows partially darkened by closed blinds.

The bed was draped in white; and there, beneath the drooping angel-figure, lay a little sleeping form—sleeping never to waken!

There were still flowers on the shelves,—all white, delicate, and fragrant, with graceful, drooping leaves. Eva's little table, covered with white,

bore on it her favourite vase, with a single white moss rose-bud in it. Even now, while St. Clare stood there thinking, little Rosa tripped softly into the chamber with a basket of white flowers. She stepped back when she saw St. Clare, and stopped respectfully; but, seeing that he did not observe her, she came forward to place in the small hands a fair cape jessamine, and, with admirable taste, disposed other flowers around the couch.

The door opened again, and Topsy, her eyes swelled with crying, appeared, holding something under her apron. Rosa made a quick, forbidding gesture; but she took a step into the room.

"You must go out," said Rosa, in a sharp, positive whisper; "*you* haven't any business here!"

"O, do let me! I brought a flower—such a pretty one!" said Topsy, holding up a half-blown tea rose-bud. "Do let me put just one there."

"Get along!" said Rosa, more decidedly.

"Let her stay!" said St. Clare, suddenly stamping his foot. "She shall come."

Rosa suddenly retreated, and Topsy came

forward and laid her offering at the foot of the corpse; then suddenly, with a wild and bitter cry, she threw herself on the floor alongside the bed, and wept, and moaned aloud.

Miss Ophelia hastened into the room, and tried to raise and silence her; but in vain.

"O, Miss Eva! Miss Eva! I wish I's dead too,—I do!"

There was a piercing wildness in the cry; the blood flushed into St. Clare's white, marble-like face, and the first tears he had shed since Eva died stood in his eyes.

"Get up, child," said Miss Ophelia, in a softened voice; "don't cry so. Miss Eva is gone to heaven; she is an angel."

"But I can't see her!" said Topsy. "I never shall see her!" and she sobbed again.

They all stood a moment in silence.

"*She* said she *loved* me," said Topsy—"she did! O, dear! oh, dear! there an't *nobody* left now—there an't!"

"That's true enough," said St. Clare; "but do," he said to Miss Ophelia, "see if you can't comfort the poor creature."

"I jist wish I hadn't never been born," said

Topsy. "I didn't want to be born, no ways; and I don't see no use on't."

Miss Ophelia raised her gently, but firmly, and took her from the room; but, as she did so, some tears fell from her eyes.

"Topsy, you poor child," she said, as she led her into her room, "don't give up! *I* can love you, though I am not like that dear little child. I hope I've learnt something of the love of Christ from her. I can love you; I do, and I'll try to help you to grow up a good Christian girl."

Miss Ophelia's voice was more than her words, and more than that were the honest tears that fell down her face. From that hour she acquired an influence over the mind of the destitute child that she never lost.

"O, my Eva, whose little hour on earth did so much of good," thought St. Clare, "what account have I to give for my long years?"

There were, for a while, soft whisperings and foot-falls in the chamber, as one after another stole in, to look at the dead; and then came the little coffin; and then there was a funeral, and carriages drove to the door, and strangers came and were seated; and there were white scarfs and ribbons, and crape bands, and mourners dressed

in black crape; and there were words read from the Bible, and prayers offered; and St. Clare walked beside the others, down to a little place at the bottom of the garden, and there, by the mossy seat where she and Tom had talked, and sung, and read so often, was the little grave. St. Clare stood beside it—looked vacantly down: he saw them lower the little coffin; he heard, dimly, the solemn words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live;" and, as the earth was cast in and filled up the little grave, he could not realise that it was his Eva they were hiding from his sight.

Nor was it!—not Eva, but only the frail seed of that bright, immortal form with which she shall yet come forth, in the day of the Lord Jesus!

In a few days the St. Clare family were back again in the city; and St. Clare walked the streets busily, and strove to fill up the chasm in his heart, with hurry and bustle, and change of place; and people who saw him in the street, or met him at the café, knew of his loss only by the weed on his hat. And week after week glided away in the St. Clare mansion, and the waves of

life settled back to their usual flow, where that little bark had gone down.

Still St. Clare was, in many respects, another man. He read his little Eva's Bible seriously and honestly; he thought more soberly and practically of his duties to his servants; and one thing he did, soon after his return to New Orleans, and that was to commence the legal steps necessary to Tom's emancipation, which was to be perfected as soon as he could get through the necessary formalities. Meantime, he attached himself to Tom more and more every day. In all the wide world there was nothing that seemed to remind him so much of Eva; and he would insist on keeping him constantly about him. Nor would any one have wondered at it, who had seen the expression of affection and devotion with which Tom continually followed his young master.

"Well, Tom," said St. Clare, the day after he had commenced the legal formalities for his enfranchisement, "I'm going to make a freeman of you; so, have your trunk packed, and get ready to set out for Kentuck."

The sudden light of joy that shone in Tom's face as he raised his hands to heaven, his emphatic "Bless the Lord!" rather discomposed St.

Clare; he did not like it that Tom should be so ready to leave him.

"You haven't had such very bad times here, that you need be in such a rapture, Tom," he said, drily.

"No, no, Mas'r! 'tan't that,—it's bein' a *free man!* That's what I'm joyin' for."

"Why, Tom, don't you think, for your own part, you've been better off than to be free?"

"*No, indeed,* Mas'r St. Clare," said Tom, with a flash of energy. "No, indeed!"

"Why, Tom, you couldn't possibly have earned, by your work, such clothes and such living as I have given you."

"Knows all that, Mas'r St. Clare; Mas'r's been too good: but, Mas'r, I'd rather have poor clothes, poor house, poor everything, and have 'em *mine,* than have the best, and have 'em any man's else,—I had *so,* Mas'r; I think it's natur', Mas'r."

"I suppose so, Tom, and you'll be going off and leaving me in a month or so," he added, rather discontentedly. "Though why you shouldn't, no mortal knows," he said in a gayer tone; and, getting up, he began to walk the floor

"Not while Mas'r is in trouble," said Tom. "I'll stay with Mas'r as long as he wants me,—so as I can be any use."

The poor servants sadly felt the loss of their young mistress, especially poor old Mammy and Topsy.

One day, when Topsy had been sent for by Miss Ophelia, she came, hastily thrusting something into her bosom.

"What are you doing there, you limb? You've been stealing something, I'll be bound," said the imperious little Rosa, who had been sent to call her, seizing her, at the same time, roughly by the arm.

"You go 'long, Miss Rosa!" said Topsy, pulling from her; "'tan't none o' your business?"

"None o' your sa'ce!" said Rosa. "I saw you hiding something,—I know yer tricks," and Rosa seized her arm, and tried to force her hand into her bosom, while Topsy, enraged, kicked and fought valiantly for what she considered her rights. The clamour and confusion of the battle drew Miss Ophelia and St. Clare both to the spot.

"She's been stealing!" said Rosa.

"I ha'n't, neither!" vociferated Topsy, sobbing with passion.

"Give me that, whatever it is!" said Miss Ophelia, firmly.

Topsy hesitated; but, on a second order, pulled out of her bosom a little parcel done up in the foot of one of her old stockings.

Miss Ophelia turned it out. There was a small book, which had been given to Topsy by Eva, containing a single verse of Scripture arranged for every day in the year, and in a paper the curl of hair that she had given her on that memorable day when she had taken her last farewell.

St. Clare was a good deal affected at the sight of it; the little book had been rolled in a long strip of black crape, torn from the funeral weeds.

"What did you wrap *this* round the book for?" said St. Clair, holding up the crape.

"'Cause,—'cause,—'cause 'twas Miss Eva. O, don't take 'em away, please!" she said; and, sitting flat down on the floor, and putting her apron over her head, she began to sob vehemently.

It was a curious mixture of the pathetic and

the ludicrous,—the little old stocking,—black crape,—text-book,—fair soft curl,—and Topsy's utter distress.

St. Clare smiled; but there were tears in his eyes, as he said—

"Come, come,—don't cry; you shall have them;" and, putting them together, he threw them into her lap, and drew Miss Ophelia into the parlour.

"I really think you can make something of that concern," he said, pointing with his thumb backward over his shoulder. Any mind that is capable of a *real sorrow* is capable of good. You must try and do something with her."

"The child has improved greatly," said Miss Ophelia. "I have great hopes of her; but, Augustine," she said, laying her hand on his arm, "one thing I want to ask; whose is this child to be?—yours or mine?"

"Why, I gave her to *you*," said Augustine.

"But not legally;—I want her to be mine legally," said Miss Ophelia.

"Well, well," said St. Clare, "I will;" and he sat down, and unfolded a newspaper to read.

"But I want it done now," said Miss Ophelia.

"What's your hurry?"

"Because *now* is the only time there ever is to do a thing in," said Miss Ophelia. "Come, now, here's paper, pen, and ink; just write a paper." So St. Clare wrote the paper and signed it. "Now," said Miss Ophelia, "I can protect her. Augustine," she said, presently, "have you ever made any provision for your servants, in case of your death?"

"No," said St. Clare.

"Then all your indulgence to them may prove a great cruelty, by-and-by."

St. Clare had often thought the same thing himself; but he answered, "Well, I mean to make a provision, by-and-by."

"When?" said Miss Ophelia.

"O, one of these days."

"What if you should die first?"

"Cousin, what's the matter?" said St. Clare, laying down his paper and looking at her. "Do you think I show symptoms of yellow fever or cholera?"

"'In the midst of life we are in death,'" said Miss Ophelia.

St. Clare rose up, and laying the paper down carelessly, walked to the door that stood open on

the verandah, to put an end to a conversation that was not agreeable to him.

"I believe I'll go down street a few moments, and hear the news to-night," he said.

He took his hat and passed out.

Tom followed him to the passage, out of the court, and asked if he should attend him.

"No, my boy," said St. Clare. "I shall be back in an hour."

Tom sat down in the verandah. It was a beautiful moonlight evening, and he sat watching the rising and falling spray of the fountain, and listening to its murmur. Tom thought of his home, and that he should soon be a free man, and able to return to it at will. He thought how he should work to buy the freedom of his wife and boys. And then his thoughts passed on to the beautiful Eva, whom he now thought of among the angels; and he thought till he almost fancied that that bright face and golden hair were looking upon him, out of the spray of the fountain. And so, musing, he fell asleep, and dreamed he saw her coming bounding towards him, just as she used to come, with a wreath of jessamine in her hair, her cheeks bright, and her

eyes radiant with delight; but as he looked she seemed to rise from the ground; her cheeks wore a paler hue—her eyes had a deep, divine radiance, a golden halo seemed around her head,—and she vanished from his sight; and Tom was awakened by a loud knocking, and a sound of many voices at the gate.

He hastened to undo it; and, with smothered voices and heavy tread, came several men, bringing a body, wrapped in a cloak, and lying on a shutter. The light of the lamp fell full on the face; and Tom gave a wild cry of amazement and despair, that rang through all the galleries, as the men advanced, with their burden, to the open parlour door, where Miss Ophelia still sat knitting.

St. Clare had turned into a café to look over an evening paper. As he was reading, an affray arose between two gentlemen in the room, who were both partially intoxicated. St. Clare and one or two others made an effort to separate them, and St. Clare received a fatal stab in the side with a bowie-knife, which he was attempting to wrest from one of them.

The house was full of cries and lamentations, shrieks and screams; servants tearing their hair,

throwing themselves on the ground, or running distractedly about, lamenting. Tom and Miss Ophelia alone seemed to have any presence of mind, for Marie was in strong hysterics.

The physician now arrived, and made his examination. It was evident, from the expression of his face, that there was no hope.

St. Clare opened his eyes, and looked fixedly on the distressed servants, whom Miss Ophelia and the doctor were trying to urge from the apartment. "Poor creatures!" he said; and an expression of bitter self-reproach passed over his face; he lay with his eyes shut, but it was evident that he wrestled with bitter thoughts. After a while he laid his hand on Tom's, who was kneeling beside him, and said, "Tom! poor fellow!"

"What, mas'r?" said Tom, earnestly.

"I am dying!" said St. Clare, pressing his hand; "pray!"

And Tom did pray, with all his mind and strength, for the soul that was passing,—the soul that seemed looking so steadily and mournfully from those large melancholy blue eyes.

When Tom ceased to speak, St. Clare reached out and took his hand, looking earnestly at him but saying nothing. He closed his eyes, but still

retained his hold; for in the gates of eternity the black hand and the white hold each other with an equal clasp. He murmured softly to himself, at broken intervals—

> "Think, oh, Jesus, for what reason,
> Thou endurest earth, and spite, and treason,
> Nor me lose in that dread season."

So he lay for a few moments. They saw that the mighty hand was on him. Just before the spirit parted he opened his eyes, with a sudden light as of joy and recognition, and said, "*Mother!*" and then he was gone!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE UNPROTECTED, AND THE SLAVE WAREHOUSE.

We often hear of the distress of the negro servants, on the loss of a kind master; and with good reason, for no creature on God's earth is left more utterly unprotected and desolate than the slave in these circumstances.

When St. Clare breathed his last, terror and

consternation took hold of all the household. He had been stricken down so in a moment, in the flower and strength of his youth! Every room and gallery of the house resounded with sobs and shrieks of despair, for the servants well knew the unfeeling character of the mistress in whose hands they were left. All knew very well that the indulgences which had been accorded to them were not from their mistress but from their master, and that, now he was gone, there would be no screen between them and every tyrannous infliction which a temper soured by affliction might devise.

A few days after St. Clare's death, Tom was standing musing by the balconies, when he was joined by Adolph, the valet, who, since the death of his master, had been entirely crest-fallen and disconsolate.

"Do ye know, Tom, that we've all got to be sold?" said Adolph.

"How did you hear that?" said Tom.

"I heard it when missis was talking with the lawyer. In a few days we shall all be sent off to auction, Tom."

"The Lord's will be done!" said Tom, folding his arms and sighing heavily.

"We'll never get another such a master," said

Adolph, apprehensively; "but I'd rather be sold than take my chance under missis."

Tom turned away; his heart was full. The hope of liberty, the thought of distant wife and children rose up before his patient soul, as to the mariner shipwrecked almost in port rises the vision of the church spire and loving roofs of his native village, seen over the top of some black wave only for one last farewell. The poor old soul had such a singular, unaccountable prejudice in favour of liberty, that it was a hard wrench for him; and the more he said, "Thy will be done," the worse he felt.

He sought Miss Ophelia, who, ever since Eva's death, had treated him with marked and respectful kindness.

"Miss Feely," he said, "Mas'r St. Clare promised me my freedom. He told me that he had begun to take it out for me; and now, perhaps, if Miss Feely would be good enough to speak about it to missis, she would feel like goin' on with it, as it was Mas'r St. Clare's wish."

"I'll speak for you, Tom, and do my best," said Miss Ophelia; "but if it depends on Mrs. St. Clare, I can't hope much for you; nevertheless, I will try."

So the good soul gathered herself up, and, taking her knitting, resolved to go into Marie's room, be as agreeable as possible, and negotiate Tom's case with all the skill of which she was mistress.

"There's one thing I wanted to speak with you about," said Miss Ophelia. "Augustine promised Tom his liberty, and began the legal forms necessary to it. I hope you will use your influence to have it perfected."

"Indeed I shall do no such thing!" said Marie, sharply. "Tom is one of the most valuable servants on the place; it couldn't be afforded any way. Besides, what does he want of liberty? He's a great deal better off as he is."

"But he does desire it very earnestly, and his master promised it," said Miss Ophelia.

"I dare say he does want it," said Marie; "they all want it, just because they are a discontented set—always wanting what they haven't got."

"But Tom is so steady, industrious, and pious."

"O, you needn't tell me! I've seen a hundred like him. He'll do very well as long as he's taken care of—that's all."

"Well," said Miss Ophelia, energetically, "I know it was one of the last wishes of your husband

that Tom should have his liberty; it was one of the promises that he made to dear little Eva on her deathbed, and I should not think you would feel at liberty to disregard it."

Marie had her face covered with her handkerchief at this appeal, and began sobbing and using her smelling-bottle with great vehemence.

"Everybody goes against me!" she said. "Everybody is so inconsiderate! I shouldn't have expected that *you* would bring up all these remembrances of my troubles to me—it's so inconsiderate! But nobody ever does consider—my trials are so peculiar! It's so hard, that when I had only one daughter she should have been taken! and when I had a husband that just exactly suited me—and I'm so hard to be suited!—he should be taken! And you seem to have so little feeling for me, and keep bringing it up to me so carelessly, when you know how it overcomes me! I suppose you mean well, but it is very inconsiderate—very!" And Marie sobbed and gasped for breath, and called Mammy to open the window, and to bring her the camphor-bottle, and to bathe her head and unhook her dress. And in the general confusion that ensued Miss Ophelia made her escape to her apartment.

She saw at once that it would do no good to say anything more; she therefore did the next best thing she could for Tom—she wrote a letter to Mrs. Shelby for him, stating his troubles, and urging them to his relief.

The next day, Tom and Adolph, and some half a dozen other servants, were marched down to a slave warehouse, to await the convenience of the trader, who was going to make up a lot for auction.

Tom had with him quite a sizeable trunk full of clothing, as had most others of them. They were ushered for the night into a long room, where many other men, of all ages, sizes, and shades of complexion were assembled, and from which roars of laughter and unthinking merriment were proceeding.

"Ah, ha! that's right. Go it, boys—go it!" said Mr. Skeggs, the keeper. "My people are always so merry! Sambo, I see!" he said, speaking approvingly to a burly negro who was performing tricks of low buffoonery, which occasioned the shouts which Tom had heard.

As might be imagined, Tom was in no humour to join these proceedings; and therefore, setting his trunk as far as possible from the noisy group,

he sat down on it, and leaned his face against the wall.

"What dat ar nigger doin' here?" said Sambo, coming up to Tom, after Mr. Skeggs had left the room. Sambo was a full black, of great size, very lively, voluble, and full of trick and grimace.

"What you doin' here?" said Sambo, coming up to Tom, and poking him facetiously in the side. "Meditatin', eh?"

"I am to be sold at the auction to-morrow," said Tom, quietly.

"Sold at auction—haw! haw! boys, an't this yer fun? I wish I was gwine that ar way!—tell ye, wouldn't I make em laugh? But how is it—dis yer whole lot gwine to-morrow?" said Sambo, laying his hand freely on Adolph's shoulder.

"Please to let me alone!" said Adolph, fiercely.

"Lor, now, how touchy we is—we white niggers! Look at us, now!" and Sambo gave a ludicrous imitation of Adolph's manner; "here's de airs and graces. We's been in a good family, I 'specs."

"Yes," said Adolph; "I belonged to the St. Clare family."

"Lor, you did! 'Spects they's gwine to trade

ye off with a lot o' cracked tea-pots and sich like!" said Sambo, with a provoking grin.

Adolph, enraged at this taunt, flew furiously at his adversary, swearing and striking on every side of him. The rest laughed and shouted, and the uproar brought the keeper to the door.

"What now, boys? Order—order!" he said, coming in and flourishing a large whip.

All fled in different directions except Sambo, who, presuming on the favour which the keeper had to him as a licensed wag, stood his ground, ducking his head with a facetious grin, whenever the master made a dive at him.

"Lor, mas'r, 'tant us—we's reglar stiddy—it's these yer new hands; they's real aggravatin'—kinder pickin' at us, all time!" said Sambo.

The keeper, at this, turned upon Tom and Adolph, and distributing a few kicks and cuffs without much inquiry, and leaving general orders for all to be good boys and go to sleep, left the apartment.

Beneath a splendid dome were men of all nations, moving to and fro over the marble pave. On every side of the circular area were little tribunes, or stations, for the use of speakers and auctioneers; on the other side was a group, wait-

ing the moment of sale to begin. And here we may recognise the St. Clare servants—Tom, Adolph, and others—awaiting their turn with anxious and dejected faces. Various spectators, intending to purchase, or not intending, as the case might be, gathered around the group, handling, examining, and commenting on their various points and faces with the same freedom that a set of jockeys discuss the merits of a horse.

Tom had been standing wistfully examining the multitude of faces thronging around him for one whom he would wish to call master. He saw abundance of men—great, burly, gruff men; little, chirping, dried men; long-favoured, lank, hard men; and every variety of stubbed-looking, commonplace men, but he saw no St. Clare.

A little before the sale commenced, a short, broad, muscular man, in a checked shirt considerably open at the bosom, and pantaloons much the worse for dirt and wear, elbowed his way through the crowd, like one who is going actively into a business; and coming up to the group, began to examine them systematically. From the moment that Tom saw him approaching, he felt an immediate and revolting horror at him, that increased as he came near. He was evidently, though

short, of gigantic strength. He had a round, bullet head, large, light grey eyes, with their shaggy, sandy eye-brows, and stiff, wiry, sun-burned hair; his large, coarse mouth was distended with tobacco; his hands were immensely large, hairy, sun-burnt, freckled, and very dirty, and garnished with long nails, in a very foul condition. The man proceeded to a very free personal examination of the lot. He seized Tom by the jaw, and pulled open his mouth to inspect his teeth; made him strip up his sleeve to show his muscle; turned him round, made him jump and spring, to show his paces.

"Where was you raised?" he added briefly to these investigations.

"In Kintuck, mas'r," said Tom, looking about, as if for deliverance.

"What have you done?"

"Had care of mas'r's farm," said Tom.

"Likely story!" said the other, shortly, as he passed on. He paused a moment before Dolph; then spitting a discharge of tobacco-juice on his well-blacked boots, and giving a contemptuous "Umph!" he walked on.

Adolph was knocked off at a good sum, and the

other servants of the St. Clare lot went to various bidders.

"Now up with you, boy! d'ye hear?" said the auctioneer to Tom.

Tom stepped upon the block, gave a few anxious looks round; all seemed mingled in a common, indistinct noise, till there came the final thump of the hammer, and the clear ring on the last syllable of the word "*dollars*," as the auctioner announced his price, and Tom was made over. He had a master.

He was pushed from the block; the short, bullet-headed man seized him roughly by the shoulder, pushed him to one side, saying, in a harsh voice, "Stand there, *you!*"

His master is Mr. Legree, who owns a cotton plantation on the Red River. He is pushed along into the same lot with two other men, and goes off with a heavy heart.

CHAPTER XIX.

DARK PLACES.

On the lower part of a small, mean boat, on the Red River, Tom sat,—chains on his wrists, chains on his feet, and a weight heavier than chains on his heart. All had faded from his sky—moon and stars; all had passed by him as the trees and banks were now passing, to return no more. Kentucky home, with wife and children, and indulgent owners: St. Clare home, with all its refinements and splendours; the golden head of Eva, with its saint-like eyes; the proud, gay, handsome, seemingly careless yet ever kind St. Clare; hours of ease and indulgent leisure,—all gone! and in place thereof, *what* remains?

Mr. Simon Legree, Tom's master, had purchased slaves at one place and another in New Orleans to the number of eight, and driven them, handcuffed, in couples of two and two,

down to the good steamer Pirate, which lay at the levee, ready for a trip up the Red River.

Having got them fairly on board, and the boat being off, he came round. Stopping opposite to Tom, who had been attired for sale in his best broadcloth suit, with well-starched linen and shining boots, he briefly expressed himself as follows:—

"Stand up."

Tom stood up.

"Take off that stock!" and as Tom, encumbered by his fetters, proceeded to do it, he assisted him, by pulling it, with no gentle hand, from his neck, and putting it in his pocket.

Legree now turned to Tom's trunk, which, previous to this he had been ransacking, and taking from it a pair of old pantaloons and a dilapidated coat, which Tom had been wont to put on about his stable-work, he said, liberating Tom's hands from the handcuffs, and pointing to a recess in among the boxes—

"You go there, and put these on."

Tom obeyed, and in a few moments returned.

"Take off your boots," said Mr. Legree.

Tom did so.

"There," said the former, throwing him a pair

of coarse, stout shoes, such as were common among the slaves—"put these on."

In Tom's hurried exchange he had not forgotten to transfer his cherished Bible to his pocket. It was well he did so; for Mr. Legree, having refitted Tom's handcuffs, proceeded deliberately to investigate the contents of his pockets. He drew out a silk handkerchief and put it into his own pocket. Several little trifles, which Tom had treasured, chiefly because they had amused Eva, he looked upon with a contemptuous grunt, and tossed them over his shoulder into the river.

Tom's hymn-book, which, in his hurry he had forgotten, he now held up and turned over.

"Humph! pious, to be sure. So, what's yer name,—you belong to the church, eh?"

"Yes, mas'r," said Tom, firmly.

"Well, I'll soon have *that* out of you. Now, mind yourself," he said, with a stamp and a fierce glance of his grey eye directed at Tom; "*I'm* your church now! You understand,—you've got to be as *I* say."

Something within the silent black man answered, *No!* and, as if repeated by an invisible voice, came the words of an old prophetic scroll,

as Eva had often read them to him—"Fear not! for I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by my name. Thou art MINE!"

But Simon Legree heard no voice. That voice is one he never shall hear. He only glared for a moment on the downcast face of Tom, and walked off. He took Tom's trunk, which contained a very neat and abundant wardrobe, to the forecastle, where it was soon surrounded by various hands of the boat. With much laughing, at the expense of niggers who tried to be gentlemen, the articles very readily were sold to one and another, and the empty trunk finally put up at auction. It was a good joke they all thought, especially to see how Tom looked after his things, as they were going this way and that; and then the auction of the trunk,—that was funnier than all, and occasioned abundant witticisms. Meantime the boat moved on—freighted with its weight of sorrow—up the red, muddy, turbid current, through the abrupt, tortuous windings of the Red River; and sad eyes gazed wearily on the steep red-clay banks as they glided by in dreary sameness. At last the boat stopped at a small town, and Legree, with his party, disembarked.

Trailing wearily behind a rude wagon, and over a rude road, Tom and his associates now faced onward.

In the wagon was seated Simon Legree; and some women, still fettered together, were stowed away with some baggage in the back part of it; and the whole company were seeking Legree's plantation, which lay a good distance off.

It was a wild, forsaken road, now winding through dreary pine-barrens, where the wind whispered mournfully; and now over log causeways, through long cypress swamps, the doleful trees, rising out of the slimy, spongy ground, hung with long wreaths of funereal black moss; while ever and anon the loathsome form of the mocassin snake might be seen sliding among broken stumps and shattered branches that lay here and there rotting in the water.

Simon rode on, however, apparently well pleased, occasionally pulling away at a flask of spirit which he kept in his pocket.

"I say, *you!*" he said, as he turned back and caught a glance at the dispirited faces around him. "Strike up a song, boys—come!"

The men looked at each other, and the "*come*" was repeated with a smart crack of the whip

which the driver carried in his hands. Tom began a hymn—

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall"——

"Shut up!" roared Legree. "I say, tune up now something real rowdy—quick!"

One of the other men struck up one of those unmeaning songs common among the slaves—

"Mas'r seed me cotch a 'coon,
High, boys, high!
He laugh'd to split,—d'ye see the moon,
Ho! ho! ho! boys, ho!
Ho! yo! hi—e! oh!"

The singer appeared to make up the song to his own pleasure, generally hitting on rhyme, without much attempt at reason; and all the party took up the chorus at intervals; and sad it was to hear them, with their heavy hearts, singing to please their master—

"Ho! ho! ho! boys, oh!
High—e—oh! high—e—ho!"

At length their journey ended, and the wagon rolled up a weedy gravel walk. The house looked desolate and uncomfortable; some windows stopped up with boards, some with shattered

panes and shutters hanging by a single hinge—all telling of course neglect and discomfort.

Bits of boards, straw, old decayed barrels, and boxes garnished the ground in all directions; and three or four ferocious-looking dogs, roused by the sound of the wagon-wheels, came tearing out, and were with difficulty restrained from laying hold of Tom and his companions by the effort of the ragged servants who came after them.

"Ye see what ye'd get!" said Legree, caressing the dogs with grim satisfaction, and turning to Tom and his companions. "Ye see what ye'd get if ye try to run off. These yer dogs has been raised to track niggers; and they'd jest as soon chaw one on ye up as eat their supper. So, mind yerself!"

Tom heard no more; for he was soon following Quimbo to the quarters. The quarters was a little sort of street of rude shanties, in a row, in a part of the plantation, far off from the house. They had a forlorn, brutal, forsaken air. Tom's heart sunk when he saw them. He looked into several; they were mere rude shells, destitute of any species of furniture, except a heap of straw, foul with dirt, spread confusedly over the floor, which was merely

the bare ground, trodden hard by the tramping of innumerable feet.

"Which of these will be mine?" said he, to Quimbo, submissively.

"Dun'no; ken turn in here, I 'spose," said Quimbo; "'spect thar's room for another thar; thar's a pretty smart heap o' niggers to each on 'em now; sure I dun'no what I's to do with more."

* * * * *

Tom was hungry with his day's journey, and almost faint for want of food.

"Thar, yo!" said Quimbo, throwing down a coarse bag which contained a peck of corn; "thar, nigger, grab, take car on't,—you won't get no more *dis* yer week."

Tom waited till a late hour, to get a place at the mills; and then, moved by the utter weariness of two women whom he saw trying to grind their corn there, he ground for them, put together the decaying brands of the fire, where many had baked cakes before them, and then went about getting his own supper. It was a new kind of work there,—a deed of charity, small as it was; but it woke an answering touch in their hearts,—an expression of womanly kindness came over their hard faces; they

mixed his cake for him, and tended its baking; and Tom sat down by the light of the fire and drew out his Bible,—for he had need of comfort.

"What's that?" said one of the women.

"A Bible," said Tom.

"I han't seen un since I was in Kentuck."

"Was you raised in Kentuck?" said Tom, with interest.

"Yes, and well raised, too; never 'spected to com to dis yer!" said the woman, sighing.

"What's dat ar book, any way?" said the other woman.

"Why, the Bible."

"Laws a me! what's dat?" said the woman.

"Do tell! you never hearn on't?" said the other woman. "I used to har missis a readin' on't sometimes in Kentuck! but, laws o' me! we don't har nothin' here but crackin' and swarin'."

"Read a piece, anyways!" said the first woman, curiously, seeing Tom attentively poring over it.

Tom read,—"Come unto ME, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Them's good words enough," said the woman; "who says 'em?"

"The Lord," said Tom.

"I jest wish I know'd whar to find him," said the

woman, "I would go; 'pears like I never should get rested ag'in. My flesh is fairly sore, and I tremble all over every day, and Sambo's allers jawin' at me, 'cause I doesn't pick faster; and nights it's most midnight 'fore I can get my supper; and den 'pears like I don't turn over and shut my eyes 'fore I hear the horn blow to get up, and at it again in the mornin'. If I knew whar the Lor was, I'd tell him."

"He's here, he's everywhere," said Tom.

The women soon went off to their cabins, and by-and-by Tom rose disconsolate, and stumbled into the one that had been allotted to him. The floor was already strewn with weary sleepers, and the foul air of the place almost repelled him; but the heavy night-dews were chill, and his limbs weary, and wrapping about him a tattered blanket, which formed his only bed-clothing, he stretched himself in the straw, and fell asleep.

In dreams a gentle voice came over his ear: he was sitting on the mossy seat in the garden by Lake Pontchartrain; and Eva, with her serious eyes bent downward, was reading to him from the Bible; and he heard her read—

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and the rivers they shall not over-

flow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour."

Gradually the words seemed to melt and fade, as in a divine music; the child raised her deep eyes, and fixed them lovingly on him, and rays of warmth and comfort seemed to go from them to his heart; and, as if wafted on the music, she seemed to rise on shining wings, from which flakes and spangles of gold fell off like stars, and she was gone.

Tom woke. Was it a dream? Let it pass for one. But who shall say that that sweet young spirit, which in life so yearned to comfort and console the distressed, was forbidden of God to assume this ministry after death?

> "It is a beautiful belief,
> That ever round our head
> Are hovering, on angel wings,
> The spirits of the dead."

Legree rated Tom as a first-class hand; and yet he felt a secret dislike to him,—the native antipathy of bad to good. He soon saw plainly, that when, as was often the case, his violence and brutality fell on the helpless, Tom took notice of

it; and that, in various ways, he manifested a tenderness of feeling for his fellow-sufferers, strange and new to them. So Legree made up his mind, that, as he was not hard to his hand, he would harden him forthwith; and some few weeks after Tom had been on the place, he determined to commence the process.

"And now," said Legree, "come here, you Tom. You see, I telled ye I didn't buy ye jest for the common work; I mean to promote ye, and make a driver of ye; and to-night ye may jest as well begin to get yer hand in. Now, ye jest take this yer gal and flog her; ye've seen enough on't to know how." And he flung towards him a poor creature called Lucy, whose weak health disabled her from fulfilling her daily task.

"I beg mas'r's pardon," said Tom; "hopes mas'r won't set me at that. It's what I an't used to—never did—and can't do, no way possible."

"Ye'll learn a pretty smart chance of things ye never did know, before I've done with ye!" said Legree, taking up a cow-hide, and striking Tom a heavy blow across the cheek, and following up the infliction by a shower of blows.

"There!" he said, as he stopped to rest; "now will ye tell me ye can't do it?"

"Yes, mas'r," said Tom, putting up his hand to wipe the blood that trickled down his face. "I'm willin' to work, night and day, and work while there's life and breath in me; but this yer thing I can't feel it right to do; and, mas'r, I *never* shall do it—*never!*"

Tom had a remarkably smooth, soft voice, and a respectful manner, that had given Legree an idea that he would be cowardly and easily subdued. When he spoke these last words, every one looked at each other and drew in their breath, as if to prepare for the storm that was about to burst.

Legree looked stupefied and confounded; but at last burst forth—

"What! tell *me* ye don't think it *right* to do what I tell ye! What have any of you to do with thinking what's right? So, you pretend it's wrong to flog the gal!"

"I think so, mas'r," said Tom; the poor crittur's sick and feeble; 'twould be downright cruel, and it's what I never will do, nor begin to. Mas'r, if you mean to kill me, kill me; but, as to my raising my hand agin any one here, I never shall; I'll die first!"

Tom spoke in a mild voice, but with a decision that could not be mistaken. Legree shook with

anger; his greenish eyes glared fiercely, and his very whiskers seemed to curl with passion.

"An't I yer master? Didn't I pay down twelve hundred dollars cash for all there is inside yer old black shell? An't yer mine now, body and soul?" he said, giving Tom a violent kick with his heavy boot—"tell me!"

In the very depth of physical suffering, bowed by brutal oppression, this question shot a gleam of joy and triumph through Tom's soul. He suddenly stretched himself up, and looking earnestly to heaven, while the tears and blood that flowed down his face mingled, he exclaimed—

"No! no! no! my soul an't yours, mas'r. Ye haven't bought it,—ye can't buy it. It's been bought and paid for by One that is able to keep it. No matter, no matter; you can't harm me."

"I can't!" said Legree, with a sneer; "we'll see—we'll see! Here, Sambo, Quimbo, give this dog such a breakin' in as he won't get over this month!"

The two gigantic negroes now laid hold of Tom with fiendish exultation in their faces. The poor woman screamed with apprehension, and all rose by a general impulse as they dragged him away to be flogged.

CHAPTER XX.

THE VICTORY.

It was late at night, and Tom lay groaning and bleeding alone, in an old forsaken room of the gin-house, among pieces of broken machinery, piles of damaged cotton, and other rubbish which had there accumulated.

The night was damp and close, and the thick air swarmed with myriads of mosquitoes, which increased the restless torture of his wounds; whilst a burning thirst—a torture beyond all others—filled up the uttermost measure of suffering.

"O, good Lord! *Do* look down—give me the victory!—give me the victory over all!"—prayed poor Tom in his anguish.

A footstep entered the room behind him, and the light of a lantern flashed on his eyes.

"Who's there? O, for the Lord's massy, please give me some water!"

"Well, my boy," said Legree, with a contemptuous kick, "how do you find yourself? Didn't I tell yer I could larn you a thing or two? How do yer like it—eh?"

Tom answered nothing.

"Get up," said Legree.

This was a difficult matter for one so bruised and faint; but Tom gained his feet, and stood confronting his master with a steady, unmoved front.

"Now, Tom, get right down on your knees and beg my pardon, for yer shines last night," said Legree.

Tom did not move.

"Down, you dog!" said Legree, striking him with his riding-whip.

"Mas'r Legree," said Tom, "I can't do it. I did only what I thought was right. I shall do just so again, if ever the time comes. I never will do a cruel thing, come what may."

"Yes, but ye don't know what may come, Master Tom. Ye think what you've got is something. I can tell you t' an't anything—nothing 't all."

"Mas'r," said Tom, "I know ye can do dreadful things, but,"—he stretched himself up-

wards and clasped his hands,—"but, after ye've killed the body, there an't no more ye can do. And O, there's all ETERNITY to come after that!"

ETERNITY,—the word thrilled through the black man's soul with light and power, as he spoke; it thrilled through the sinner's soul, too, like the bite of a scorpion. Legree gnashed on him with his teeth, but rage kept him silent; and Tom spoke, in a clear and cheerful voice.

"Mas'r Legree, as ye bought me, I'll be a true and faithful servant to ye. I'll give ye all the work of my hands, all my time, all my strength; but my soul I won't give up to mortal man. I will hold on to the Lord, and put his commands before all,—die or live; you may be sure on't. Mas'r Legree, I an't a grain afeard to die. I'd as soon die as not. Ye may whip me, starve me,—it 'll only send me sooner where I want to go."

"I'll make ye give out, though, 'fore I've done!" said Legree, in a rage.

"I shall have *help*," said Tom; "you'll never do it."

"Who's going to help you?" said Legree, scornfully.

"The Lord Almighty," said Tom.

Legree drew in a long breath; and took Tom by the arm: "Hark'e, Tom!—ye think, 'cause I've let you off before, I don't mean what I say; but, this time, I've *made up my mind*, and counted the cost. You've always stood it out agin' me: now I'll *conquer ye or kill ye!*—one or t'other."

Tom looked up to his master, and answered, "Mas'r, if you was sick, or in trouble, or dying, and I could save ye, I'd *give* ye my heart's blood; and, if taking every drop of blood in this poor old body would save your precious soul, I'd give 'em freely, as the Lord gave his for me. O mas'r! don't bring this great sin on your soul! It will hurt you more than 'twill me! Do the worst you can, my troubles 'll be over soon; but if you don't repent, yours won't *never* end!"

Like a strange snatch of heavenly music, heard in the lull of a tempest, this burst of feeling made a moment's blank pause. Legree stood aghast, and looked at Tom; and there was such a silence, that the tick of the old clock could be heard, measuring, with silent touch, the last moments of mercy and probation to that hardened heart.

It was but a moment. There was one hesitating

pause—one relenting thrill—and the spirit of evil came back, with seven-fold vehemence; and Legree, foaming with rage, smote his victim to the ground.

Tom opened his eyes, and looked upon his master. "Ye poor miserable crittur!" he said, "there an't no more ye can do! I forgive ye, with all my soul!" and he fainted entirely away.

"I b'lieve, my soul, he's done for finally," said Legree, stepping forward to look at him. "Yes, he is! Well, his mouth's shut up, at last—that's one comfort!"

Yes, Legree; but who shall shut up that voice in thy soul? that soul, past repentance, past prayer, past hope, in whom the fire that never shall be quenched is already burning?

Yet Tom was not quite gone. His wondrous words and pious prayers had struck upon the hearts of the blacks; and, the instant Legree withdrew, they, in their ignorance, sought to call him back to life,—as if *that* were any favour to him.

Two days after, a young man drove a light wagon up through the avenue of china-trees, and, throwing the reins hastily on the horse's

neck, sprang out and inquired for the owner of the place.

It was George Shelby; and, to show how he came to be there, we must go back in our story.

The letter of Miss Ophelia to Mrs. Shelby had, by some unfortunate accident, been detained for a month or two at some remote post-office, before it reached its destination; and, of course before it was received, Tom was already lost to view among the distant swamps of the Red River.

Mrs. Shelby read the intelligence with the deepest concern; but any immediate action upon it was an impossibility. She was then in attendance on the sick-bed of her husband, who lay delirious in the crisis of a fever. Master George Shelby, who, in the interval, had changed from a boy to a tall young man, was her constant and faithful assistant, and her only reliance in superintending his father's affairs. Miss Ophelia had taken the precaution to send them the name of the lawyer who did business for the St. Clares; and the most that could be done was to address a letter of inquiry to him. The sudden death of Mr. Shelby, a few days after, brought, of course, an absorbing pressure of other interests, for a season.

In the meantime they received a letter from the lawyer to whom Miss Ophelia had referred them, saying that he knew nothing of the matter; that the man was sold at a public auction, and that beyond receiving the money he knew nothing of the affair.

Neither George nor Mrs. Shelby could be easy at this result; and accordingly the latter, having business for his mother down the river, resolved to visit New Orleans in person, and push his inquiries, in hopes of discovering Tom's whereabouts, and restoring him.

After an unsuccessful search, by the merest accident George fell in with a man in New Orleans, who happened to be possessed of the desired information; and with his money in his pocket, our hero took steamboat for Red River, resolving to find out and repurchase his old friend.

He was soon introduced into the house, where he found Legree in the sitting-room.

Legree received the stranger with a kind of surly hospitality.

"I understand," said the young man, "that you bought in New Orleans a boy named Tom. He used to be on my father's place, and I came to see if I couldn't buy him back."

Legree's brow grew dark, and he broke out passionately. "Yes, I did buy such a fellow; and a bad bargain I had of it, too! The most rebellious, saucy, impudent dog! I gave him the worst flogging I ever gave a nigger yet. I believe he's trying to die, but I don't know as he'll make it out."

"Where is he?" said George, impetuously. "Let me see him." The cheeks of the young man were crimson, and his eyes flashed fire; but he prudently said nothing as yet.

"He's in dat ar shed," said a little fellow who stood holding George's horse.

Legree kicked the boy, and swore at him; but George, without saying another word, turned and strode to the spot.

Tom had been lying two days since the fatal night,—not suffering, for every nerve of suffering was blunted and destroyed. He lay for the most part in a quiet stupor, for the laws of a powerful and well-knit frame would not at once release the imprisoned spirit. By stealth there had been there, in the darkness of the night, poor creatures, who stole from their scanty hours' rest, that they might repay to him some of those ministrations of love in which he had always been so abundant.

Truly, those poor disciples had little to give—only the cup of cold water; but it was given with full hearts.

Tears had fallen on that honest, insensible face—tears of late repentance in the poor, ignoran heathen, whom his dying love and patience had awakened to repentance and bitter prayers, breathed over him to a late-found Saviour, of whom they scarce knew more than the name, but whom the yearning ignorant heart of man never implores in vain.

When George entered the shed he felt his head giddy and his heart sink.

"Is it possible—is it possible?" said he, kneeling down by him. "Uncle Tom, my poor, poor old friend!"

Something in the voice penetrated to the ear of the dying. He moved his head gently, smiled, and said—

> "Jesus can make a dying bed
> Feel soft as downy pillows are."

Tears which did honour to his manly heart fell from the young man's eyes, as he bent over his poor friend.

"O dear Uncle Tom! do wake—do speak

once more! Look up! Here's Mas'r George—your own little Mas'r George. Don't you know me?"

"Mas'r George!" said Tom, opening his eyes, and speaking in a feeble voice; "Mas'r George!" He looked bewildered.

Slowly the idea seemed to fill his soul; and the vacant eye became fixed and brightened, the whole face lighted up, the hard hands clasped, and tears ran down the cheeks.

"Bless the Lord! it is—it is—it's all I wanted! They haven't forgot me. It warms my soul—it does my old heart good! Now I shall die content! Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

"You shan't die! you *mustn't* die, nor think of it! I've come to buy you, and take you home," said George, with impetuous vehemence.

"O Mas'r George, ye're too late. The Lord's bought me, and is going to take me home—and I long to go. Heaven is better than Kentuck."

"O, don't die! It'll kill me!—it'll break my heart to think what you've suffered,—and lying in this old shed, here! Poor, poor fellow!"

"Don't call me poor fellow!" said Tom, solemnly. "I *have* been poor fellow; but that'

all past and gone now. I'm right in the door, going into glory. O Mas'r George! *Heaven has come!* I've got the victory!—the Lord Jesus has given it to me! Glory be to his name!"

George was awe-struck at the force, the vehemence, the power, with which these broken sentences were uttered. He sat gazing in silence.

Tom grasped his hand, and continued—"Ye mustn't, now, tell Chloe, poor soul! how ye found me!—'twould be so dre'ful to her. Only tell her ye found me going into glory; and that I couldn't stay for no one. And tell her the Lord stood by me everywhere and al'ays, and made everything light and easy. And oh, the poor chil'en, and the baby!—my old heart's been 'most broken for 'em, time and agin! Tell 'em all to follow me—follow me! Give my love to mas'r, and dear good missis, and everybody in the place! Ye don't know! 'Pears like I loves 'em all! I loves every creatur', everywhar!—I's nothing *but* love! O Mas'r George, what a thing 'tis to be a Christian!"

At this moment Legree sauntered up to the door of the shed, looked in, with a dogged air of affected carelessness, and turned away.

"The wicked wretch!" said George, in his indignation. "It's a comfort to think he will suffer for this hereafter."

"O don't—oh, ye mustn't!" said Tom, grasping his hand; "he's a poor mis'able crittur! it's awful to think on't! O, if he only could repent, the Lord would forgive him now! but I'm 'feared he never will!"

At this moment the sudden flush of strength which the joy of meeting his young master had infused into the dying man gave way. A sudden sinking fell upon him; he closed his eyes; and that mysterious and sublime change passed over his face, that told the approach of other worlds.

He began to draw his breath with long, deep inspirations; and his broad chest rose and fell heavily. The expression of his face was that of a conqueror.

"Who—who—who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" he said, in a voice that contended with mortal weakness; and, with a smile, he fell asleep.

George sat fixed with solemn awe. It seemed to him that the place was holy; and, as he closed the lifeless eyes and rose up from the dead, only one thought possessed him—that expressed by

his simple old friend—"What a thing it is to be a Christian!"

He turned: Legree was standing, sullenly, behind him.

Something in that dying scene had checked the natural fierceness of youthful passion. The presence of the man was simply loathsome to George; and he felt only an impulse to get away from him, with as few words as possible.

Fixing his keen dark eyes on Legree, he simply said, pointing to the dead, "You have got all you ever can of him. What shall I pay you for the body? I will take it away, and bury it decently."

"I don't sell dead niggers," said Legree, doggedly. "You are welcome to bury him where and when you like."

"Boys," said George, to two or three negroes who were looking at the body, "help me to lift him up, and carry him to my wagon; and get me a spade."

One of them ran for a spade; the other two assisted George to carry the body to the wagon.

George neither spoke to, nor looked at, Legree, who stood whistling, with an air of forced uncon-

cern. He sulkily followed them to where the wagon stood at the door.

George spread his cloak in the wagon, and had the body carefully disposed of in it,—moving the seat, so as to give it room. Then he turned, fixed his eyes on Legree, and said, with forced composure—

"I have not as yet said to you what I think of this most atrocious affair; this is not the time and place. But, sir, this innocent blood shall have justice. I will proclaim this murder. I will go to the very first magistrate and expose you."

"Do!" said Legree, snapping his fingers scornfully. "I'd like to see you doing it. Where you going to get witnesses?—how you going to prove it? Come, now!"

George saw at once the force of this argument. There was not a white person on the place, and in all southern courts the testimony of coloured blood is nothing. He felt at that moment as if he could have rent the heavens with his heart's indignant cry for justice, but in vain.

"After all, what a fuss for a dead nigger," said Legree.

The word was as a spark to a powder magazine.

George turned, and with one indignant blow knocked Legree flat upon his face.

Some men, however, are decidedly bettered by being knocked down, and Legree was one of this sort. As he rose, therefore, and brushed the dust from his clothes, he eyed the slowly-retreating wagon with some evident consideration,—nor did he open his mouth till it was out of sight.

Beyond the boundaries of the plantation, George had noticed a dry, sandy knoll, shaded by a few trees: there they made the grave.

"Shall we take off the cloak, mas'r?" said the negroes when the grave was ready.

"No, no,—bury it with him! It's all I can give you now, poor Tom, and you shall have it."

They laid him in; and the men shovelled away silently. They banked it up, and laid green turf over it.

"You may go, boys," said George, slipping a quarter into the hand of each. They lingered about, however.

"If young mas'r would please buy us"— said one.

"We'd serve him so faithful!" said the other.

"Hard times here, mas'r!" said the first. "Do, mas'r, buy us, please!"

"I can't! I can't!" said George with difficulty, motioning them off; "it's impossible!"

The poor fellows looked dejected, and walked off in silence.

"Witness, eternal God!" said George, kneeling on the grave of his poor friend; "oh, witness, that from this hour I will do *what one man can* to drive out this curse of slavery from my land!"

There is no monument to mark the last resting-place of our friend. He needs none! His Lord knows where he lies, and will raise him up immortal, to appear with Him when he shall appear in his glory.

CHAPTER XXI.

LIBERTY.

It was a superb day. The blue waves of Lake Erie danced, rippling and sparkling in the sunlight. A fresh breeze blew from the shore, and the lordly boat ploughed her way right gallantly onward.

O, what an untold world there is in one human heart! Who thought, as George Harris walked calmly up and down the deck of the steamer, with Eliza at his side, of all that was burning in their bosoms? The mighty good that seemed approaching seemed too good, too fair, even to be a reality; and they felt a jealous dread, every moment of the day, that something would rise to snatch it from them.

But the boat swept on. Hours fleeted, and, at last, clear and full rose the blessed English shores; those shores where no man is a slave.

George and his wife stood arm in arm, as the boat neared the small town of Amherstberg, in Canada. His breath grew thick and short; a mist gathered before his eyes; he silently pressed the little hand that lay trembling on his arm. The bell rang; the boat stopped. Scarcely seeing what he did, he looked out his baggage, and gathered his little party. They stood still till the boat had cleared; and then, with tears and embracings, the husband and wife, with their wondering child in their arms, knelt down and lifted up their hearts to God!

Who can speak the blessedness of that first day of freedom? To move, speak, and breathe—go

out and come in unwatched and free from danger! Who can speak the blessings of that rest which comes down on the free man's pillow, under laws which insure to him the rights that God has given to man? How fair and precious to that mother was that sleeping child's face, endeared by a memory of a thousand dangers! And yet these two had not one acre of ground—not a roof that they could call their own: they had spent their all, to the last dollar. They had nothing more than the birds of the air, or the flowers of the field; yet they could not sleep for joy. "O, ye who take freedom from man, with what words will ye answer it to God?"

George Shelby had written to his mother merely a line, stating the day she might expect him home. Of the death-scene of his old friend he had not the heart to write. He had tried several times, and finished by tearing up the paper, wiping his eyes, and rushing somewhere to get quiet.

There was a pleased bustle all through the Shelby mansion that day, in expectation of the arrival of young Mas'r George.

Mrs. Shelby was seated in her comfortable parlour, where a cheerful hickory fire was dis-

pelling the chill of the late autumn evening. A supper-table, glittering with plate and cut-glass, was set out, on whose arrangements our former friend, old Chloe, was presiding.

Arrayed in a new calico dress, with clean white apron, and high, well-starched turban, her black polished face glowing with satisfaction, she lingered around the arrangements of the table, merely as an excuse for talking a little to her mistress.

"Laws, now! won't it look natural to him?" she said. "Thar—I set his plate just whar he likes it, round by the fire. Mas'r George allers wants de warm seat. O, go way!—why didn't Sally get out de *best* tea-pot,—de little new one, Mas'r George got for Missis' Christmas? I'll have it out! And Missis has heard from Mas'r George?" she said, inquiringly.

"Yes, Chloe; but only a line, just to say he would be home to-night, if he could: that's all."

"Didn't say nothin' 'bout my old man, s'ppose?" said Chloe, still fidgetting with the tea-cups.

"No, he didn't. He did not speak of anything, Chloe. He said he would tell all when he got home."

"Jes like Mas'r George; he's allers so ferce for tellin' everything hisself. I allers minded dat ar in Mas'r George. Don't see, for my part, how white people gen'lly can bar to hev to write things much as they do, writin's such slow, oneasy kind o' work."

Mrs. Shelby smiled.

"I'm a thinkin' my old man won't know de boys and de baby. Lor'! she's de biggest gal, now,—good she is, too, and peart, Polly is. She's out to the house, now, watchin' de hoe-cake. I's got jist de very pattern my old man liked so much, a bakin'. Jist sich as I gin him the mornin' he was took off. Lord bless us! how I felt, dat ar morning!"

Mrs. Shelby sighed, and felt a heavy weight on her heart at this allusion. She had felt uneasy ever since she had received her son's letter, lest something should prove to be hidden behind the veil of silence which he had drawn.

"Missis has got dem bills?" said Chloe, anxiously.

"Yes, Chloe."

"'Cause I wants to show my old man dem very bank notes de *perfectioner* gave me. 'And,' says he, 'Chloe, I wish you'd stay longer.'

'Thank you, mas'r, says I, 'I would, only my old man's coming home; and missis,—she can't do without me no longer.' There's jist what I telled him. Berry nice man, dat Mas'r Jones was. He won't know Polly,—my old man won't. Laws, it's five years since they tuck him! She was a baby den,—could but jist stand. Remember how tickled he used to be, 'cause she would keep a fallin' over when she sot out to walk. Laws a me!"

The rattling of wheels now was heard.

"Mas'r George," said Aunt Chloe, starting to the window.

Mrs. Shelby ran to the entry door, and was folded in the arms of her son. Aunt Chloe stood anxiously straining her eyes out into the darkness.

"O, *poor* Aunt Chloe," said George, stopping compassionately, and taking her hard black hand between both of his: "I'd have given all my fortune to have brought him with me, but he's gone to a better country."

There was a passionate exclamation from Mrs. Shelby, but Aunt Chloe said nothing.

The party entered the supper room. The money, of which Chloe was so proud, was still lying on the table.

"Thar," said she, gathering it up and holding it, with a trembling hand, to her mistress, "don't never want to see nor hear on't again. Jist as I knew 'twould be,—sold, and murdered on dem ar' old plantations!"

Chloe turned, and was walking proudly out of the room. Mrs. Shelby followed her softly, and took one of her hands, drew her down into a chair, and sat down by her.

"My poor, good Chloe!" said she.

Chloe leaned her head on her mistress's shoulder, and sobbed out, "O, missis! 'scuse me, my heart's broke—dat's all!"

"I know it is," said Mrs. Shelby, as her tears fell fast; "and *I* cannot heal it, but Jesus can. He healeth the broken-hearted, and bindeth up their wounds."

There was a silence for some time, and all wept together. At last, George, sitting down beside the mourner, took her hand, and with a simple pathos repeated the triumphant scene of her husband's death, and his last messages of love.

About a month after this, one morning, all the servants of the Shelby estate were collected together in the great hall that ran through the house, to hear a few words from their young master.

To the surprise of all, he appeared among them with a bundle of papers in his hand, containing a certificate of freedom to every one on the place, which he read successively, and presented, amid the sobs and tears and shouts of all present.

Many, however, pressed around him, earnestly begging him not to send them away, and with anxious faces tendering back their free papers.

"We don't want to be no freer than we are. We's allers had all we wanted. We don't want to leave de ole place, and Mas'r and Missis, and de rest!"

"My good friends," said George, as soon as he could get a silence, "there'll be no need for you to leave me. The place wants as many hands to work it as it did before. We need the same about the house that we did before. But you are now free men and free women. I shall pay you wages for your work, such as we shall agree on. The advantage is, that in case of my getting in debt, or dying—things that might happen—you cannot now be taken up and sold. I expect to carry on the estate, and to teach you what, perhaps, it will take you some time to learn—how to use the rights I give you as free men and women. I

expect you to be good, and willing to learn; and I trust in God that I shall be faithful, and willing to teach. And now, my friends, look up, and thank God for the blessing of freedom."

An aged patriarchal negro, who had grown grey and blind on the estate, now rose, and, lifting his trembling hand, said, "Let us give thanks unto the Lord!" As all kneeled by one consent, a more touching and hearty *Te Deum* never ascended to heaven, though borne on the peal of organ, bell, and cannon, than came from that honest old heart.

On rising, another struck up a hymn, of which the burden was—

> "The year of jubilee is come—
> Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home."

"One thing more," said George, as he stopped the congratulations of the throng; "you all remember our good old Uncle Tom?"

George here gave a short narration of the scene of his death, and of his loving farewell to all on the place, and added—

"It was on his grave, my friends, that I resolved before God that I would never own another slave, while it was possible to free him; that nobody,

through me, should ever run the risk of being parted from home and friends, and dying on a lonely plantation, as he died. So, when you rejoice in your freedom, think that you owe it to that good old soul, and pay it back in kindness to his wife and children. Think of your freedom every time you see UNCLE TOM'S CABIN; and let it be a memorial to put you all in mind to follow in his steps, and be as honest and faithful and Christian as he was!"

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